PENTHOUSE

THE INTERNATIONAL MAGAZINE FOR MEN

THE MISCHIEF ISSUE

PET OF THE MONTH
AYUMI ANIME
IS NO BOLSHEVIK

DIRTY DANCING
WITH SAUDI ARABIA

HANNIBAL BURESS
GETS REAL (FUNNY)

+

HOW CONSERVATIVE TALK RADIO CHANGED THE WORLD

PENTHOUSE.COM
OCTOBER 2017
A
$10.99 U.S.
$12.99 CAN
10
0 09281 02242 8

WELCOME TO YOUR NEW **PENTHOUSE**

PENTHOUSE.COM

11

CLEARWEATHER
CLEARWEATHERBRAND.COM

PENTHOUSE®

PUBLISHER
Kelly Holland
General Media Communications, Inc.

EXECUTIVE EDITOR
Raphie Aronowitz

CREATIVE DIRECTOR
Angela Derasmo

SENIOR EDITOR
Mish Barber-Way

EDITOR, POLITICS & CULTURE
Steve Faber

EDITOR-AT-LARGE
Chris Nieratko

ASSOCIATE EDITOR
Sarah Walker

CONTRIBUTING WRITERS
Dave Carnie, Chris Collingwood, Joe DeRosa,
Alan M. Dershowitz, Matt Gallagher, Jeff Kamen,
Drew Millard, Leah McSweeney, Jenny Nordbak

GRAPHIC DESIGNERS
Victor Gonzalez, Mike Hallquist

FEATURED ARTISTS
Todd Francis, Jason Johnson,
Pel NYC, Porous Walker

IMAGE SPECIALISTS
Zack Korn, Christine Pevarnik

CONTRIBUTORS
Angelo Beltran, Crispin Boyer, Melissa Broder,
Gerald de Behr, Lydia Faithfull, Brigham Field,
Justin Gradin, Phil Hanrahan, Michael Hingston,
Hunter James, Chad Lee, Rick Rodney,
Tammy Sands, Camille Todaro

PRINT PRODUCTION COORDINATOR
Victor Gonzalez

NEWSSTAND CONSULTANTS
Willett Associates - Philip & John Willett

CUSTOMER SERVICE
Palm Coast Data
PO Box 420525
Palm Coast, FL 32142
penthouse@emailcustomerservice.com
800-289-7368

EDITORIAL AND ADVERTISING OFFICE
8944 Mason Avenue
Chatsworth, CA 91311
310-280-1900

ENTERTAINMENT/ LICENSING OFFICE
8944 Mason Avenue
Chatsworth, CA 91311
310-280-1900
licensing@penthouse.com

PUBLISHER
General Media Communications, Inc.
8944 Mason Avenue
Chatsworth, CA 91311

PENTHOUSE INTERNATIONAL LTD
Founded March 1965 by BOB GUCCIONE

Copyright General Media Communications, Inc., all rights reserved. No part of this publication may be reproduced in any form, or by an means – electronic, mechanical, photocopying, recording, or otherwise – or stored in any retrieval system without the written permission of the copyright holder and the publishers. Unsolicited manuscripts are welcome and must be submitted via email; no typewritten traditional mail submissions will be accepted. Names and addresses must be included with all correspondence. Penthouse does not accept responsibility for lost editorial or photo submissions. All unsolicited submissions remain the property of Penthouse.

SUBSCRIPTION INQUIRIES
800-289-7368

PENTHOUSE.COM

FROM THE EDITOR

IN New Jersey, the eve before Halloween is affectionately known as Mischief Night—when high school kids break curfew and TP neighborhood trees, light bags of dog shit on fire, and egg a few houses. Sure, these lightweight pranks don't seem like much, but I always liked the tradition—a night dedicated to rule-bending and community street justice. I know I'm a little "off," but I think it's important for all of us to live outside societal expectation every once in a while, even if it's only for an evening. I'm no advocate for anarchy, but I do believe in the value of rule-breaking and troublemaking. World history is rich with people who bucked convention for the greater good…and marred by those who justified committing atrocities by following the rules or obeying orders. Okay—I'm not sure where I'm going with this, because playing a few innings of mailbox baseball really just punishes good people for no good reason. So, don't be a douche, but don't blindly follow the rules? Damn, I had a point, but it's not making sense now that I'm reading it. Please just turn the page.

Enjoy!

Raphie Aronowitz
whatthefuck@penthouse.com

52

VORSKLA ON THE HUDSON

October Pet of the Month, Ayumi Anime

PENTHOUSE

CONTENTS

OCTOBER 2017

8: FORUM
This month's reader exploits.

10: THE DEBRIEF
Curated news from around the world.

20: MUSIC
Monsters, clowns, and beef: Who wore it best? By Chris Collingwood

22: MAN OF THE MOMENT
The Big Sick's Kumail Nanjiani.

24: CRUSH
Nika Roza Danilova, aka Zola Jesus.

26: FILM
Our contributors' favorite traumas.

28: GAMING
Assassin's Creed Origins.

30: WEIRD HISTORY
The Astor Place Riot of 1849.
By Michael Hingston

32: ROUGHT TEXT
A review of Jeff Kamen's *Warrior Pups*.

34: ARE YOU LONESOME TONIGHT?
Chris Nieratko's sex-toy review for those who don't know their ass from their elbow.

36: LOOK SHARP
Some of our favorite costume pictorials of the past.

48: HIGH MAINTENANCE
Colorado's cannabis guru, Max Montrose.
Interview by Mish Barber-Way

50: VOICE OF REASON
Bringing justice to college campus "rape culture." By Alan M. Dershowitz

72: LIVE FROM THE RAVING SPHINCTER OF HISTORY
How conservative talk radio changed the world. By Drew Millard

78: YOU LET ME DOWN
There is no "I" in team for good reason.
By Joe DeRosa

80: ASK FABER
Advice for whatever plagues you.
By Steve Faber

82: STOCKS AND BONDAGE
Jenny Nordbak's secret year in an L.A. dungeon.

84: DIRTY DANCING WITH SAUDI ARABIA
A true tale of terror, faith, and money.
By Jeff Kamen

92: FORUM REJECTS
The best of the worst from Penthouse Letters.

94: GOOD WOOD
Jenna Sativa and Mia Malkova go to work.

102: HOT LINES
Leah McSweeney keeps us in check.

104: HAIL STORM
CyberCutie, Salena Storm.

110: EMBRACE THE SUCK
Donald Trump makes good, indirectly.
By Matt Gallagher

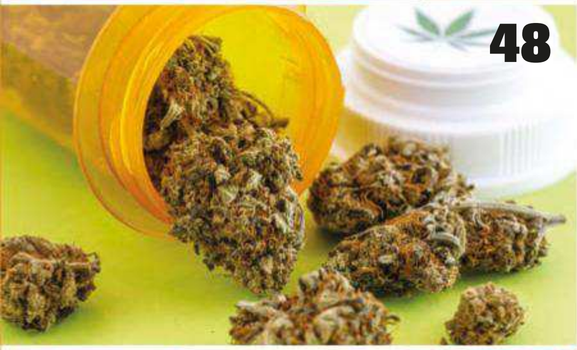
114: THE HANDSOME RAMBLER
Hannibal Buress gets real (funny) with Chris Nieratko.

120: SHAMELESS PLUG
Dream Racing

122: COMIX
WoodRocket presents: Ask A Porn Star

131: ENDGAME
Can we bring an end to "wrong"?
By Dave Carnie

134: PARTING SHOT



July 2017
Pet of the Month
Manda Kay

MAIL DOMINANCE

Your magazine is so biased against Republicans and Trump. I don't need or want to read articles that are just spewing with venom. Why not try to be fair and print an opposing view so your readers can make an educated decision? You seem determined to support anti-Trump noise. If that's the goal of *Penthouse* now, well done. I voted for OUR president. I don't read your type of magazine for political information, views, or commentary.

—Alvin C., via email

[Ed: Alvin, you must have missed the article in the July/August issue praising Republican congressman Charlie Dent. Also, if you skip to page 110, you can read about how we applaud–*gasp!*–Trump for doing good by our veterans! However, you must have also missed "OUR" president's record-low approval ratings, blatant nepotism, and systematic approach to completely fucking over the middle class. Go ahead. I'll wait while you catch up.]

Certification: The records, if any, relating to any content in this periodical required to be maintained by 18 U.S.C. § 2257 and 28 C.F.R. § 75.1–75.8 are maintained by the Custodian of Records, Penthouse Global Media, Inc., at 8944 Mason Avenue, Chatsworth, CA 91311.

PENTHOUSE (ISSN 0090-2020) U.S. October 2017, Volume 29, Number 8 Copyright © 2017 by General Media Communications, Inc. All rights reserved. No portion of Penthouse magazine may be reproduced by any means or media without the publisher's prior written permission. Published 10 times per year in the United States and simultaneously in Canada by General Media Communications, Inc., 8944 Mason Avenue, Chatsworth, CA 91311. Distributed in the U.S., Canada, U.S. territorial possessions, and elsewhere in the world by Curtis Circulation Company, P.O. Box 9102, Pennsauken, NJ 08109. Periodical postage paid in New York, NY, and at additional mailing offices. Postmaster: Send address changes to Penthouse magazine, P.O. Box 420235, Palm Coast, FL 32142-0235, Tel. 800-289-7368. Publisher disclaims all responsibility to return unsolicited editorial, graphic, or other matter. Submission of letters to Penthouse magazine or its editors irrevocably grants to Penthouse all rights of publication and exploitation in all languages and media throughout the world in perpetuity without compensation, the writer by such submission having granted such rights. All information and materials submitted to Penthouse or General Media Communications, Inc., will not be treated as confidential or proprietary. Penthouse and General Media Communications, Inc. expressly do not agree to any obligation of confidentiality, non-use, nondisclosure, or any other restrictions with respect to any information and/or materials submitted to Penthouse or General Media Communications, Inc. Names, places, and identifying details in submissions may be changed at the editors' discretion. Any similarity between persons and events depicted in fiction or semifiction and real events or persons, living or dead, is coincidental. Subscriptions: U.S., possessions, APO, and FPO—$39.95 for 10 issues; Canada, $57.95 for 10 issues (includes GST); elsewhere—$57.95 for 10 issues. Single copies: $8.99 ($9.99 Jan., June, Sept., and Dec. issues) in U.S., Canada, and elsewhere. Canadian GST registration #R126607902. To subscribe, report a subscription problem, or change address in the U.S., call toll-free 800-289-7368; outside the U.S., call 386-447-6361. Please direct all editorial correspondence and inquires to Penthouse, 8944 Mason Avenue, Chatsworth, CA 91311.
Advertising offices: Penthouse, 8944 Mason Avenue, Chatsworth, CA 91311. Tel. 310-280-1900.
PENTHOUSE, the ThreeKey Logo, the OneKey Logo, Penthouse Pet, Pet of the Month, Penrthouse Comix, and Pet of the Year are trademarks of General Media Communications, Inc.

PRINTED IN THE USA
Certificado de licitud de título No. 8554 de fecha 10 de Noviembre de 1994 y certificado de licitud de contenido No. 5821 de fecha 10 Noviembre de 1994, expedidos por la comisión calificadora de publicaciones y revistas ilustradas, dependiente de la secretaria de gobernación, México. Reserva de título No. 3351/94 de fecha 13 de Diciembre de 1994, expedida por la dirección general del derecho de autor, dependiente de la secretaria de educación publica. 1279882.

"You can't run away from trouble. There ain't no place that far."—*Uncle Remus*

PENTHOUSE
READER INFORMATION

TO ORDER A PRINT SUBSCRIPTION: For 10 issues, please send a U.S.-drawn bank check or money order for $39.95 ($56 for foreign residents) to: *Penthouse,* P.O. Box 420235, Palm Coast, FL 32142-0235. To order by credit card, call 800-289-7368 from the U.S. or visit penthousemagazine.com. From Canada or elsewhere in the world, call 386-447-6361 (ask for customer service) between 8 A.M. and midnight (Eastern Standard Time), Monday through Friday, or from 9 A.M. to 7 P.M. on weekends. Closed holidays.

TO ORDER A DIGITAL SUBSCRIPTION: Visit penthousemagazine.com/digital

TO SOLVE A PRINT SUBSCRIPTION PROBLEM: Write to: *Penthouse,* P.O. Box 420235, Palm Coast, FL 32142-0235, or call 800-289-7368 from the U.S. or 386-447-6361 (ask for customer service) from outside the U.S. Hours are 8 A.M. to midnight weekdays, 9 A.M. to 7 P.M. weekends (Eastern Standard Time). Closed holidays. You also can email us at penthouse@emailcustomerservice.com. Editorial and advertising offices cannot resolve subscription problems.

TO CHANGE YOUR ADDRESS: We require eight weeks' advance notice of change of address (to: *Penthouse,* P.O. Box 420235, Palm Coast, FL 32142-0235) to ensure that delivery will not be interrupted. Be sure to include your old as well as your new address and zip code.

TO RENEW A PRINT SUBSCRIPTION: We must receive renewal payment two months before the expiration of your current subscription to ensure that you will not miss an issue. Renewal notices are first sent several months before subscriptions are due to expire. If you renew before your current subscription expires, the full term of that renewal will be added to your current subscription.

IF YOU PAID FOR A PRINT SUBSCRIPTION BUT ARE STILL GETTING BILLED: If you have paid a subscription bill and get another bill within four weeks, ignore the new bill. If you have paid a subscription bill more than four weeks before getting another bill, send proof of payment along with your bill to: *Penthouse,* P.O. Box 420235, Palm Coast, FL 32142-0235.

BACK ISSUES: To inquire about the availability and price of back issues, call 888-312-BACK. You must specify the issue precisely (e.g., December 2016); we cannot accurately locate back issues based only on such identification as a story title, a story's subject matter, or the picture on the cover. We have back issues available for the previous 12 months.

ARTICLE REPRINTS: To order reprints of articles, obtain permission to photocopy, or receive a copy of a past article, call 310-280-1900. Unauthorized reproduction of any portion of *Penthouse* text constitutes copyright infringement.

To email *Penthouse* editors:
penthouseeditors@penthouse.com

POW!!
BATCOMP
BAM!
ANTI-CRIME VOICE ANALYZER
DANGER KEEP AWAY

HOLY SMOKES, BATMAN!

Batman Classic TV Series Illuminated Figurines

Gotham City's Dynamic Duo steals the show again in an all-new collection based on the Batman Classic TV Series. Each edition stars a different hero or villain. And, because set decoration is important, each edition features light-up elements plus an illuminated "BAM!" "BIFF!" or "POW!" for good measure. Editions are limited, but there's no need for fisticuffs to ensue … order your collection now and never miss one!

What cliffhanger? Make 'em ALL yours!

Make each edition yours in two installments of $34.99, the first due before shipment, for a total of $69.99* each. You can cancel at any time by simply notifying us. Send no money now. Return the Reservation Application today!

Batman figurine shown smaller than actual size of about 7½ inches high. Requires 2 AA batteries, not included.

Batman
Edition One

Robin
Edition Two

*For information on sales tax you may owe to your state, go to bradfordexchange.com/use-tax

BATMAN and all related characters and elements © & ™ DC & WBEI. (s15)
©2017 BGE 01-26176-001-BI

ORDER NOW! ✷ www.bradfordexchange.com/904710

RESERVATION APPLICATION SEND NO MONEY NOW

THE BRADFORD EXCHANGE
COLLECTIBLES

9345 Milwaukee Avenue · Niles, IL 60714-1393

YES. Please reserve the **Batman Classic TV Series Illuminated Figurine Collection** for me as described in this announcement.
Limit: one per customer. Please Respond Promptly

Mrs. Mr. Ms. ____________________
Name (Please Print Clearly)
Address ____________________
City ________ State ________ Zip ________
Email (optional) ____________________

904710-E49391

*Plus a total of $10.99 shipping and service per edition; see bradfordexchange.com. Editions strictly limited to 295 casting days. Please allow 4-8 weeks after initial payment for shipment. Sales subject to product availability and order acceptance.

LETTER OF THE MONTH

BABYSITTER REDUX

WHEN I was a teenager, my parents divorced and my father married his much younger secretary, who had a young son of her own. Even after their wedding, my father continued to employ my new stepmother, so they hired a full-time babysitter for my stepbrother, which was great because I didn't have to deal with him.

The babysitter was a student at the local junior college, and she was hot as shit. Vanessa was half-Mexican with these gold, snake-like eyes. She was little, 5'1" at the most, and she'd clip-clop around our house in her wooden clogs and short denim skirts. Sitting at the kitchen table pretending to do my homework, I would stare at her perfect heart-shaped ass as she prepared snacks at the counter. Her tits were like two big, velvety scoops of ice cream. I was totally in love.

After that school year, Vanessa transferred to a college in another part of the state. The only thing remaining of her was a photo with my stepbrother that my stepmom stuck on the refrigerator. I tore off the half with my stepbrother and kept Vanessa's half under my mattress, jerking off to her caramel cleavage every day.

Even though I always dreamed of blowing my first load in Vanessa, I eventually lost my virginity to someone else. I went to college and finally grew out of my awkward teenage body and adolescent fantasies. I kind of forgot about Vanessa.

After my sophomore year I went home for summer break to stay with my family. My stepbrother was still young enough to require supervision, so in the beginning I was stuck watching him. This was reason to get a job. Fast.

Then one morning when I came down for breakfast, my stepmother announced I was officially off the hook for babysitting. Vanessa was home for the summer, too, and was on her way over to babysit my stepbrother.

As soon as I heard her name, a shiver ran down my spine and my dick stiffened. Should I stay home or make myself scarce? I put off job hunting for the day. I was way too curious to see how she looked, and whether she was as hot as I remembered.

Turns out, she was even hotter.

"Rob!" Vanessa squealed when she walked into our kitchen, pulling me in for a hug. "You look so great."

"Thanks," I replied, trying to keep my cool.

Her ass was still that same upside-down heart wrapped up like a gift in her skin-tight jeans. She was braless underneath her skimpy tank top.

"You look amazing, too," I said.

"Yeah?" She blushed. "You're so big now!"

My stepbrother and his friend were in the basement glued to the PlayStation, so it was just Vanessa and me. After a few minutes of catching up, I told her about a band I'd started at school and asked if she wanted to hear a song we'd recorded.

Next thing I know, Vanessa's in my room and sitting on my bed, those same wooden clogs dangling over the edge. She smelled like she'd been dipped in coconut suntan lotion. Images of her naked, lubed body ran through my head.

"I like that guitar part," she said. "Is that you?"

I lied and said it was, even though I played bass.

We were silent for a minute. I wasn't sure if she was waiting for me to put an end to the conversation or to make a move. But when she rubbed my shoulder and said, "You really are so big now," I decided to go for it.

Right away, it was on. We sucked face for a minute or two sitting up, and then she snaked herself under me and pulled me on top of her. I took off her tank top and there were those titties, the ones I had jerked off to for years, except these were even better. In my fantasies, her nipples had been flatter, but the real ones poked out like gumdrops. With every lick of my tongue and nibble of my teeth, she moaned and writhed.

Vanessa's tummy was flat and warm as I licked my way down it. Her pussy, I swear to God, was like no pussy I had ever tasted. How do I explain it? It was almost…sweet. She was entirely shaved, and I devoured her smooth skin like an animal. Something came over me. I was outside of myself as I toyed with her clit, and licked every inch of her.

Vanessa moaned and demanded I stick my finger inside her. I slipped a digit in and kept my tongue working. She pushed her pussy hard into my face, lifting her torso. Moving my hands underneath her backside, I took the opportunity to flip her over. I wanted that ass.

I had Vanessa on her hands and knees with my face between her luscious cheeks, my finger in her pussy, and she came like that. She could have farted in my face and I wouldn't have cared. She was just that hot.

After she came, Vanessa pushed me

SHE REMOVED MY COCK FROM MY JEANS AND TOOK THE ENTIRE THING INTO HER MOUTH, WATCHING ME LIKE A CAT WITH THOSE GOLDEN EYES.

onto my back and moved her lithe little body down my front. She removed my cock from my jeans and took the entire thing into her mouth, watching me like a cat with those golden eyes. She bobbed her head like a buoy bouncing in the water while tickling her nails all over my thighs.

I did not want to come before I fucked her, so finally, I made her stop. I wrestled my remaining clothes off and reached for the condom in my wallet. Thank God it was there, or else I'd have exploded after one thrust inside her.

That little pussy felt as good as it tasted. Vanessa was tight and wet, and she kept telling me how good my dick felt inside her, how big it was, as I fucked her with the crazed adrenaline of an MMA fighter.

I fucked her missionary with her legs up around my shoulders. I fucked her doggie-style and made her come again on my dick. I sat on the edge of my bed and she sat on top of me, riding me like a perverted cowgirl. I fucked her on my old desk next to my Cubs pennants. *Bam. Bam. Bam.* Right hook, left hook, upper cut. I was knocking us both out.

When I knew I was about to come, I ripped off the condom and she jerked my wet load onto her perfect tits.

"Mmmm," she said, licking me off her fingers.

When we were done, we got dressed quickly, just in case my little brother came upstairs. But we lounged around on my bed for a while.

"I always had a crush on you," I said.

"Really?" she asked, laughing.

"Yeah," I said. "Wait."

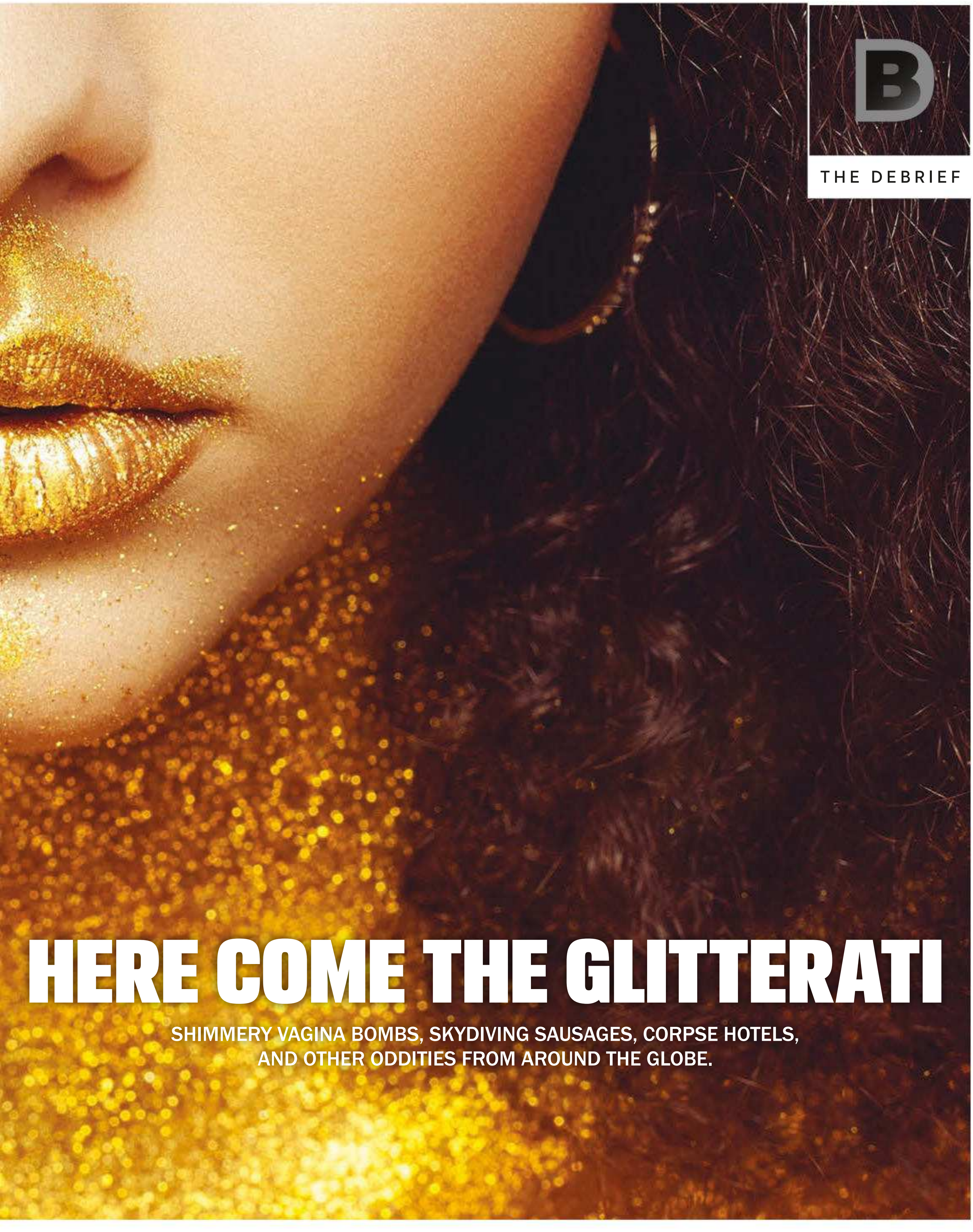
And with that, I reached under the bed. The picture of her was still there. I took it out and gave it a kiss, and hoped she didn't think I was creepy. Apparently she didn't, because she fucked me again and again, all summer long.

—Mike J., Naperville, Illinois

CONTINUED ON PAGE 124

Seeing is believing. When you've had the encounter you've been hoping for, let us know about it! Send your letters to: *Penthouse* magazine, 8944 Mason Avenue, Chatsworth, CA 91311, or email us at letters@penthouse.com.

PHOTO: SHUTTERSTOCK.COM / MISHA BELIY



HERE COME THE GLITTERATI

SHIMMERY VAGINA BOMBS, SKYDIVING SAUSAGES, CORPSE HOTELS, AND OTHER ODDITIES FROM AROUND THE GLOBE.

WHAT WE'VE LEARNED

TOE COCKER

DID you know that Canadians consume more macaroni and cheese than any other nation in the world? Or that the police in Canada give out "positive tickets" when a citizen does something good? What about the saloon whose signature drink is served with a mummified, severed human toe? Yep, our Neighbors to the North sure are up to some questionable shit.

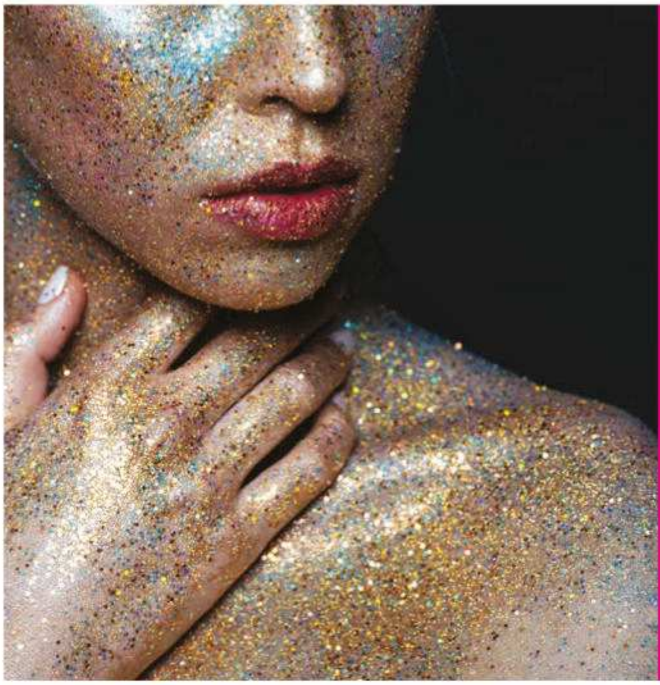
The "Sourtoe Cocktail" originated in 1973 in Dawson City, Yukon, at the Downtown hotel. Legend has it that the OG toe belonged to a 1920s rum runner who contracted frostbite in a remote cabin. Discovered decades later, pickled in a jar of alcohol, the black, shriveled tootsie was donated to the hotel bar by its finder, Captain Jack Stevenson. Presto, the "Sourtoe" was born.

People flocked from all over the country to face the saloon's challenge: *You can drink it fast, you can drink it slow—but the lips have gotta touch the toe*. Of course, the toe is not the same toe that they first used in 1973. People have lost, stolen, and even swallowed various toes over the years (an offense which will now cost you $2,500 in Canadian loonies).

The most recent toe was donated by a local who brought it to the bar after he had it surgically removed (presumably for medical reasons). After six months in a saltwater brine, the toe was finally ready for prime time…only to be stolen almost immediately by some digit-hungry hoser.

"This was our new toe, and it was a really good one," manager Geri Coulbourne told CBC News. "We just started using it this weekend."

The Canadians are very politely asking for new toe donations.



GLITORIS

NEVER in the history of fucking has a heterosexual, vag-worshipping dude ever said, "I wish my lady would squirt glitter." Despite this irrefutable fact, the geniuses over at Pretty Woman Inc. have created "Passion Dust," a vaginal glitter capsule that works with a woman's natural secretions when its coating melts inside her.

The idea is for a girl to insert this pill-sized nugget of candy-flavored terror an hour before sex, and then delight as your dick emerges with more sparkles than Lady Bunny's birthday invitation. According to the FAQ section of the Pretty Woman Inc. website, one of women's main concerns is, "What if my partner thinks it's weird?"

The experts at Passion Dust sum it up with an airtight elucidation: Men just don't get it. "If left up to [men], we'd have thin eyebrows, colorless, dry lips, and short lashes!"

Yes, ladies. We want you to have alien eyebrows, chalky lips, xerostomia, no eyelashes, and bedazzled taco farts. Nailed it!

PHOTOS: TOP: ALAMY STOCK PHOTO / NEJCKOSIR ; BOTTOM: SHUTTERSTOCK.COM / DEAN DROBOT

DOUBLE GRANDE CRAPUCCINO

A BBC *Watchdog* investigation blew the tits off most iced-coffee fanatics by revealing that experts found feces in the ice of three of the country's most popular chains: Costa Coffee, Cafe Nero, and Starbucks.

Researchers swabbed tables, trays, and high chairs in 30 different locations, and ran tests on the ice used in cold beverages. While everything came back poo-positive, the real tragedy is that they missed the opportunity to coin the term *poositive*.

Experts also found "fecal coliforms" (bacteria that contains something called "opportunistic pathogens," or the source of human disease), which is extra scary because even the most microscopic traces are a massive health concern. A representative of the Chartered Institute of Environmental Health said this type of bacteria "should not be present at any level—never mind the significant numbers found."

Things aren't much better on this side of the pond.

A few years ago, CNN reported a study conducted by Renee Godard, professor of biology and environment studies at Hollins University of Virginia, that tested soda fountain machines in her state. The study, which was eventually published in the *International Journal of Food Microbiology* (you know, where everyone will read it), revealed that 48 percent of diet soda, regular soda, water, and ice tested positive for coliform bacteria. She also found antibiotic-resistant microbes and E.coli in 11 percent of the samples. Fabulous.

"Many [bacteria] are benign or helpful, but certainly, I don't want E.coli in my beverage," Godard told CNN. No shit, Renee. No one digs synchronic diarrhea and vomiting.

But the research fails to detail how those germs got into our fast-food fountain soda in the first place. Cleaning the machines with dirty rags? Not washing after an employee bathroom break? Terrorists? Who the hell knows. Bottom line is that any drink that uses communal ice will most likely be laced with feces.

You've been warned.

MAINELINING

IN an effort to rid the streets of trash and lower the prevalence of drunk driving, Maine lawmakers approved a bill that would require retailers to collect a five-cent per mini-bottle deposit redeemable upon the safe return of an empty. Decent, right? Drinkers can make a little extra change for laundry and the streets stay that much cleaner. (Representative Richard Campbell told the *Bangor Daily* that he's saved "$450 for his grandson, solely from redeeming roadside bottles and cans.") However, this bill has created some tension between Governor Paul LePage, lawmakers, and business owners.

LePage said the bill is "costly," useless, and won't do anything to stop people from drunk driving or throwing nips out their car windows. He doesn't foresee drinkers being incentivized to recycle for a measly five cents. Instead, he suggested that the state just ban the sale of mini bottles altogether.

Mark Brown, CEO of the Louisiana-based liquor company Sazerac Co., which employs over 130 Mainiacs (that's what you call them, right?) at the Lewiston bottling plant, said that their Fireball brand nips make up 40 percent of their sales. Banning them would mean a huge hit to their business, alcohol vendors, and state tax revenues. Brown even wrote the state's senate president a letter objecting to the notion.

"While we could have lived with a five-cent redemption sticker if the state really thought that would solve the littering problem, we can no longer support the legislation while under the threat of having 50mls delisted," wrote Brown. "Such a move would be detrimental to the state's finances as this is one of the fastest-growing sectors in Maine."

LePage shot back, sticking to his guns and asserting that a five-cent deposit incentive was stupid. If the legislation overrides his veto, and the bill passes into law, LePage said he's directing the Bureau of Alcoholic Beverages and Lottery Operations to "delist [nips] for sale in Maine."

Petty bickering and the evisceration of basic freedoms aside, this proposal requires almost $1 million in funding, paid for in its entirety by the itty-bitty-bottle-bingeing taxpayer.

PHOTO: SHUTTERSTOCK.COM / Y PHOTO STUDIO

FAKE NUDES

WHEN news claiming that 63-year-old ex-supermodel Christie Brinkley "posed nude in *Social Life* magazine" crossed our desks, we were all, "GIMMIE, GIMMIE!"

But all it took was one click and we were more disappointed than our executive editor when he looks down in the shower.

Now, we fancy ourselves experts when it comes to nudity—dare we say it's our breast and butter—so it's with heavy hearts we report that Brinkley, while probably technically nude, makes sure her ham danglers et al. are visible to no one. Total waste.

From what we actually *can* see, Brinkley has held up pretty well. Her skin is smooth, her hair sun-kissed, her injectable fillers not too obvious. So why the giant cover-up? Showing arms, legs, and a face is nothing to scream about, and calling these photos "nude" is legitimately fake news.

Christie, give us a call when you're ready to get naked for realsies.

IN THE PINK OF HEALTH

IT turns out that sex doesn't burn as many calories as we'd like to think. You aren't burning off that Big Mac in the missionary position—more like half an avocado.

A recent study conducted at the University of Montreal took young, healthy adults and looked at their calorie depletion during a light jog, and then during sex. In a 30-minute run, women burned an average of 213 calories, while men burned 276. However, in bed for 30 minutes, men burned 100 calories, while women averaged at 69.

"Men weigh more than women, and because of this, the energy expenditure will be higher in men for the same exercise performed," said the author of the study, Anthony Karelis, adding that in most sex positions, men do the heavy humping.

The research compared calorie outtake in 30-minute sex sessions; however, another study in the *New England Journal of Medicine* found that the average romp lasts only six minutes. It was also noted that "the pre-orgasmic stage" requires barely more energy than walking. So, 90 percent of sex is a calm stroll in the park, followed by an orgasmic light jog? What happened to finesse?

New York-based fitness trainer and founder of Stacy's Boot Camp, Stacy Berman, told *Fitness* magazine that you will strengthen your core thrusting in missionary, and that all women should be conscious of their abs when in doggie-style. "If the woman has her hands on a wall in front of her and sort of uses her upper body to help thrust, that will be a good shoulder and upper-body workout," she said. Berman also detailed meticulous, muscle-straining tips to maximize all positions including cowgirl, lotus, standing, and the arch.

Way to turn sex into the gym, Berman. Thanks, but no thanks.

CHANCE
GET OUT OF JAIL FREE
This card may be kept until needed or sold
IN
JAIL
JUST
VISITING
PENTONVILLE ROAD £120
PALL

RICH UNCLE PENNYBAGS

A MINNESOTA man wanted on a felony warrant for controlled-substance charges was recently pulled over by the cops while driving in Ramsey County. Before police could ask for his license, the man whipped out the Monopoly card, "Chance: Get Out of Jail Free," and handed it to the officer.

Though he was still arrested, the real win was that the cops weren't even mad. They thought his dad-joke was so charming they Instagrammed it with an "A for effort!" caption.

Nice one, pops.

PHOTOS: TOP LEFT: SHUTTERSTOCK.COM; TOP RIGHT: MAXSTOCKPHOTO; BOTTOM: SAMJONAH

SOURPUSSES

LONDON resident and Cass Business School prof Andre Spicer is a good dad. When his five-year-old daughter told him she wanted to open a lemonade stand for concertgoers as they passed the family home en route to the Lovebox music festival, he supported her entrepreneurial spirit.

The little Spicer girl was crushing the lemonade game until government workers demanded she close up shop. According to MSN, local authorities claimed that baby Spicer did not have the required license to operate a business on her front lawn, and slapped the cheeky kindergartener with a $200 fine for "trading without a permit." Baby Spicer burst into tears, telling her father, "I've done a bad thing."

A backlash bubbled after Spicer penned a scathing opinion piece in a British newspaper, calling out the Tower Hamlets Council in East London for stomping their big, fat, no-fun boots all over his daughter's industrious spirit.

Unsurprisingly, the story erupted on Twitter (#lemonadegate), and as more and more people jumped on the Spicer support wagon, a few music festivals reached out to the family, offering baby Spicer a booth to sell her lemonade on their grounds. Even one of London's largest and most-populated markets reached out, tweeting, "In all seriousness, would you daughter like to sell some lemonade at Borough Market?"

Scrambling to repair the damage, the fucktards at Tower Hamlets Council issued a statement of apology:

"We are very sorry that this happened," it began. "We expect our enforcement officers to show common sense, and to use their powers sensibly. This clearly did not happen. The fine will be cancelled immediately and we will be contacting Professor Spicer and his daughter to apologize."

Ugh…do we even need to write some bullshit line about what to do when life hands you lemons?

DEAD ROOF INN

IT seems that Japan has a corpse problem. According to the *New York Times,* 1.3 million Japanese people died last year, up 35 percent from 15 years ago. The Ministry of Labor, Health, and Welfare projects that the volume will keep growing, calculating an expected death toll of 1.7 million by 2040.

Traditionally, Japanese funerals were kind of big shit. The family of the deceased would take the body home from the hospital and sit with it during the night. The next day, a large funeral would be held, with family, friends, and neighbors. After hugs, kisses, and a lot of bowing, the body would be sent off to the crematorium.

Funerals are not a cheap affair, often costing families upwards of $17,000. But these days, with families shrinking, community bonds fading, and crematorium wait-times getting longer and longer, big Japanese funerals are less common.

In the wake of the increase in deaths and decline of tradition, *itai hoteru* (aka corpse hotels) have been rapidly gaining popularity, and business is booming.

The corpse hotels offer everything needed for a traditional Japanese funeral, but at a fraction of the price. For under $2,000, a family can rent a room for the evening to sleep beside their lifeless great-grandsomething, and pay their respects. The corpse hotel then stores the body for the sometimes weeklong lag between the funeral service and openings at the local crematorium.

Not everyone is happy with the streamlined sorrowfest, however. Angry neighbors of a corpse hotel in Kawasaki city posted protest signs that read, "Corpse storage: absolutely opposed!"

According to a trusted *Penthouse* source, however, the dead appear to be unfazed by the uproar.

PHOTOS: TOP: SHUTTERSTOCK.COM / NEJCKOSIR ; BOTTOM: BURHAN BUNARDI

MEATIER SHOWER

WE all know that Florida is America's skin tag—the soft, flappy, tolerable protrusion where just about anything can happen. So none of us were shocked when a couple from Deerfield Beach notified police that 15 pounds of frozen meat had violently crashed onto their roof.

Travis and Jennie Adair were sound asleep when they were woken by the heavy thud of Italian sausage smashing against their house. When they went outside to investigate, they found bags of frozen weenies in their yard and on the roof. Naturally, the Adairs were convinced the porky manna had "come from above," since the meat sacks were way too heavy to have been tossed by human hands.

The news went viral, and eventually Travis Adair was invited to *Jimmy Kimmel Live!* to talk more about the bowel barrage. Kimmel's team did some heavy sleuthing and discovered that the meat came from Fussell Meats based in Arcadia, Florida. Fussell's owner said he packed the meat for his buddy, Jimbo Williams, who runs Williams Land Service based in Alabama. Williams said he remembered picking up the meat six months prior, but still has "no idea how it got on the roof."

Shroud of Turin, Bimini Road, Nazca Lines, and the Wienerwurst Whodunit. As always, thanks, Florida.

ASEXUAL HEALING

IN a recent video for PopSugar, self-proclaimed asexual Beth Damiano explains what her sexuality (or lack thereof) means to her: "Romantic relationships are real and valid even without sex," she says.

"Asexuality is the lack of sexual attraction," Damiano continues, staring wide-eyed into the camera. She claims she is hyper-romantic and gets "crushes on people all the time," but says sex feels foreign and unsatisfying. "[Sex] wasn't bad," she remembers. "It just wasn't amazing."

According to Damiano, asexuality works on a spectrum: While some asexuals have very low or "rare moments" of sexual attraction to others, they could also "only be attracted to one specific person."

We're fairly certain that she had more to say, but we tuned her out once we realized she wasn't going to have sex with us.

PHOTO: TOP: COMPOSITE OKIE / BOTTOM: WASAN RITTHAVON

must be nice

RIPNDIP

PENTHOUSECAMS.COM

MUSIC

MONSTER'S BALL

WHO WORE IT BEST?

BY CHRIS COLLINGWOOD

IT'S the October issue, and that can only mean one thing: Halloween party, right here on the music page! I'll be your host as we celebrate musical acts known to dress in costumes for our entertainment. Were these fashion statements successful? Did it help the artists convey their visions? Let's find out!

Please welcome: KISS
Dressed as: Monsters. A demon, a cat, a space man, and whatever the fuck Paul Stanley is supposed to be.
Does it work? Sure, if the goal is to distract the audience from your sophomoric songs about hot nurses. (See also: pyrotechnics.) What do monsters need from sexy girls anyway? Like you just escaped from hell and you're breathing fire and spitting blood but you also want to party? It makes no sense.

Say hello to: The Upper Crust
Dressed as: Eighteenth-century aristocrats
Does it work? Undoubtedly. They've been wearing powdered wigs and knee breeches since 1995, in a steadfast, impeccable commitment to a one-note gag. As any true nobility would, they insult their bourgeois audience between songs. Their classic "Let Them Eat Rock" is a masterpiece of patrician punk.

And now: Insane Clown Posse
Dressed as: Insane clowns
Does it work? Aren't these the dudes who were outsmarted by magnets? And somehow they ended up with a traveling circus of thousands of people who also dress up like insane clowns. But these clowns seem to get along pretty well, and a strong sense of community may help keep them off the meth…or use it less. All in all, without caring to hear their music, I'd say a net positive.

All hail: GWAR
Dressed as: Monsters
Does it work? Better than Kiss because they never tried to be sexy. GWAR behave like proper monsters and as a result put on a far more convincing act. GWAR members don't believe in outdated human musical concepts like "notes" or "pitch." Their stage act, which includes lots of blood, phallic prostheses, and ritual beheadings, is like a shitty live-action horror movie. And I love shitty horror movies (see Film on page 26).

Give it up for: Lady Gaga
Dressed as: Beef carcass
Does it work? I'm not shocked. Are you? Didn't the Beatles do this in 1966? That was shocking, because pre-Vietnam America was naive and not yet ready for pop stars wearing meat. Least of all the Beatles, who hadn't even grown their hair out yet.

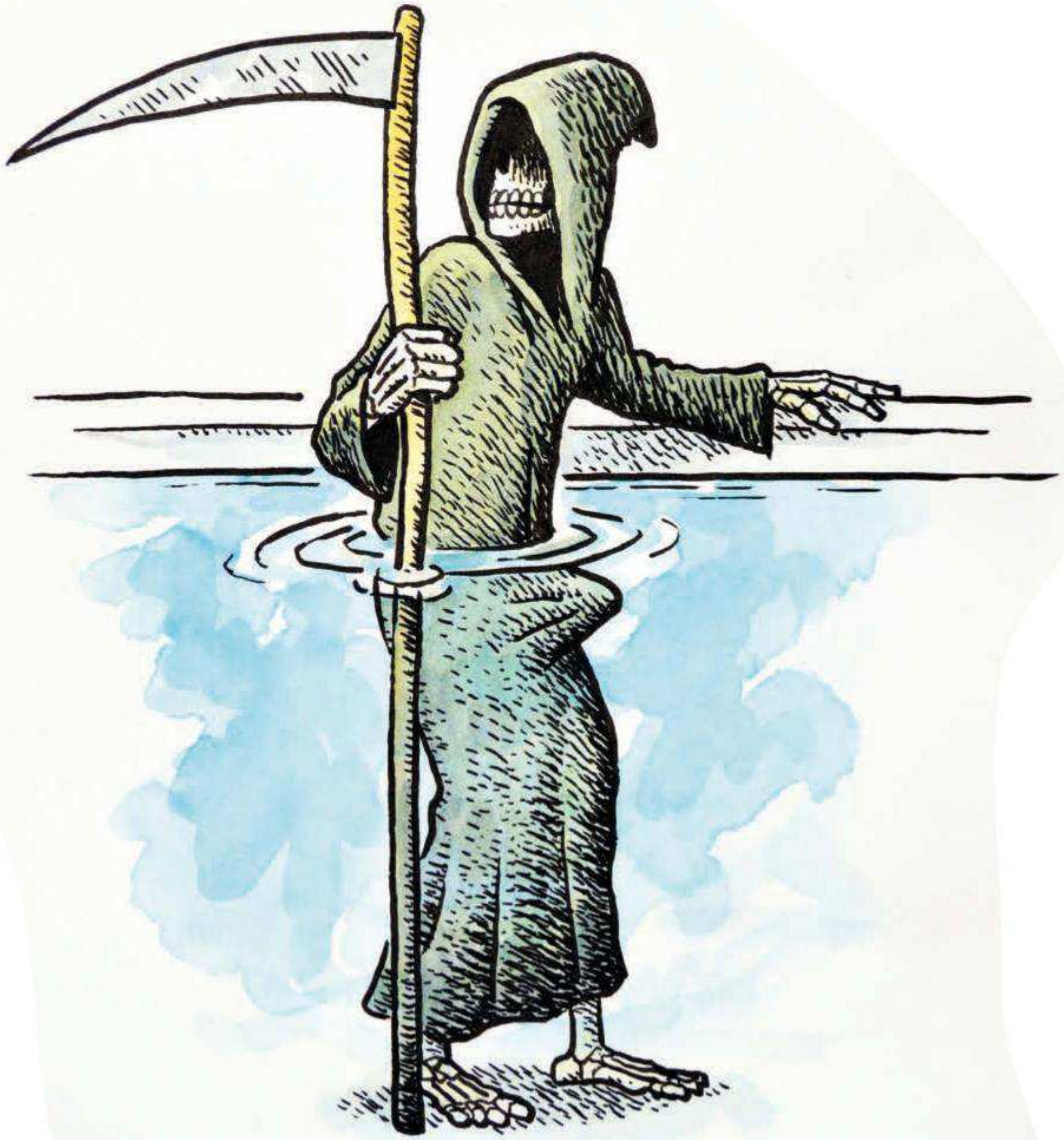
And here comes: Buckethead
Dressed as: Family-size chicken dinner from my nightmares
Does it work? Well, yes, it's truly terrifying. Get him the fuck out of here, quick. That masked devil spawn has put me off both fried food and live music forever.

Hands together for: Alice Cooper
Dressed as: Adolescent goth
Does it work? I saw Alice Cooper in concert and he, too, performed a ritual decapitation. It was loud and I don't know who the victim was supposed to be but the crowd seemed to love it.

And finally: Michael Jackson
Dressed as: Michael Jackson action figure that got left out in the sun
Does it work? Google "uncanny valley" to find out for yourself.

Chris Collingwood is a singer, songwriter, and cofounder of the rock group Fountains of Wayne. His new band, Look Park, released its eponymous debut in 2016. Follow him @lookpark

PHOTO: SHUTTERSTOCK.COM / 3 SONG PHOTOGRAPHY



GRIM REAPER POOL BONER

Todd Francis

MAN OF THE MOMENT

KUMAIL NANJIANI

ACCORDING to Kumail Nanjiani's Pakistani parents, he is *not* doing fine. The 39-year-old comedian recently joked with Jimmy Kimmel that his father is so unconvinced of his success in Hollywood that he asked Nanjiani when he'd be enrolling in medical school.

Maybe Nanjiani's parents are in the dark across the pond, but here in the States, he's dominating all screens. His latest big win? *The Big Sick,* a film he wrote with his wife, Emily Vance Gordon, about the couple's strange yet true beginnings. After relentless praise at Sundance this past January, Amazon purchased the dark comedy for a cool $12 million. (Hey Dad, your son is *fine.*)

Nanjiani is perhaps best recognized from the Emmy-nominated HBO series *Silicon Valley,* in which he plays Dinesh, a lovable yet punchable computer programmer so desperate to be cool it cuts his age in half. Before that, Nanjiani was doing stand-up and working a computer science day job. He met his wife Gordon, a couples therapist, while performing at a club one night. Story goes that she "whooped" at him during a bit. He got distracted, fumbling his words, but went and hit on her anyhow.

It worked.

But after less than a year of dating, Gordon suddenly fell into a coma. Nanjiani stayed by her side, along with her Southern family (whom he'd never met), while waiting to see if this girl he was pretty into would wake up. Spoiler alert: She did. The couple's romance is the plotline for *Big Sick,* which attracted producer Judd Apatow (*Bridesmaids, Trainwreck,* etc.) and director Michael Showalter (*Wet Hot American Summer*).

Critics and audiences are bowing down for *Big Sick,* not only because of Nanjiani's hilarious, charming performance, but for the film's shrewd handling of issues like racism and xenophobia. A white girl from North Carolina shacking up with a Muslim dude from Pakistan isn't an easy pill for either family to swallow, no matter how good their intentions, but the familial critics of cross-cultural dating are no match for two geeks in love.

After they got married, Gordon and Nanjiani moved to New York, where his stand-up career blew up. Since then, Nanjiani has cohosted two popular podcasts, "The Indoor Kids" (think gamers meet alt comedy) and "The X-Files Files," as well as starred in series for Comedy Central and TNT, alongside films like *Hot Tub Time Machine 2, Hello, My Name is Doris,* and *Mike and Dave Need Wedding Dates.*

But stand-up is where Nanjiani really shines, and his 2013 Comedy Central special, *Beta Male,* is a stunner. He's funny as hell, weaving together observational humor with confessional stories, often centering around his foreign childhood, and what it was like growing up in Pakistan with one television channel and shitty pirated movies.

We have no clue what's next for Nanjiani, but whatever it is, it will no doubt be unconventionally awesome.

PHOTO: GETTY IMAGES / MATT WINKELMEYER

PUTZING AROUND *By Porous Walker*

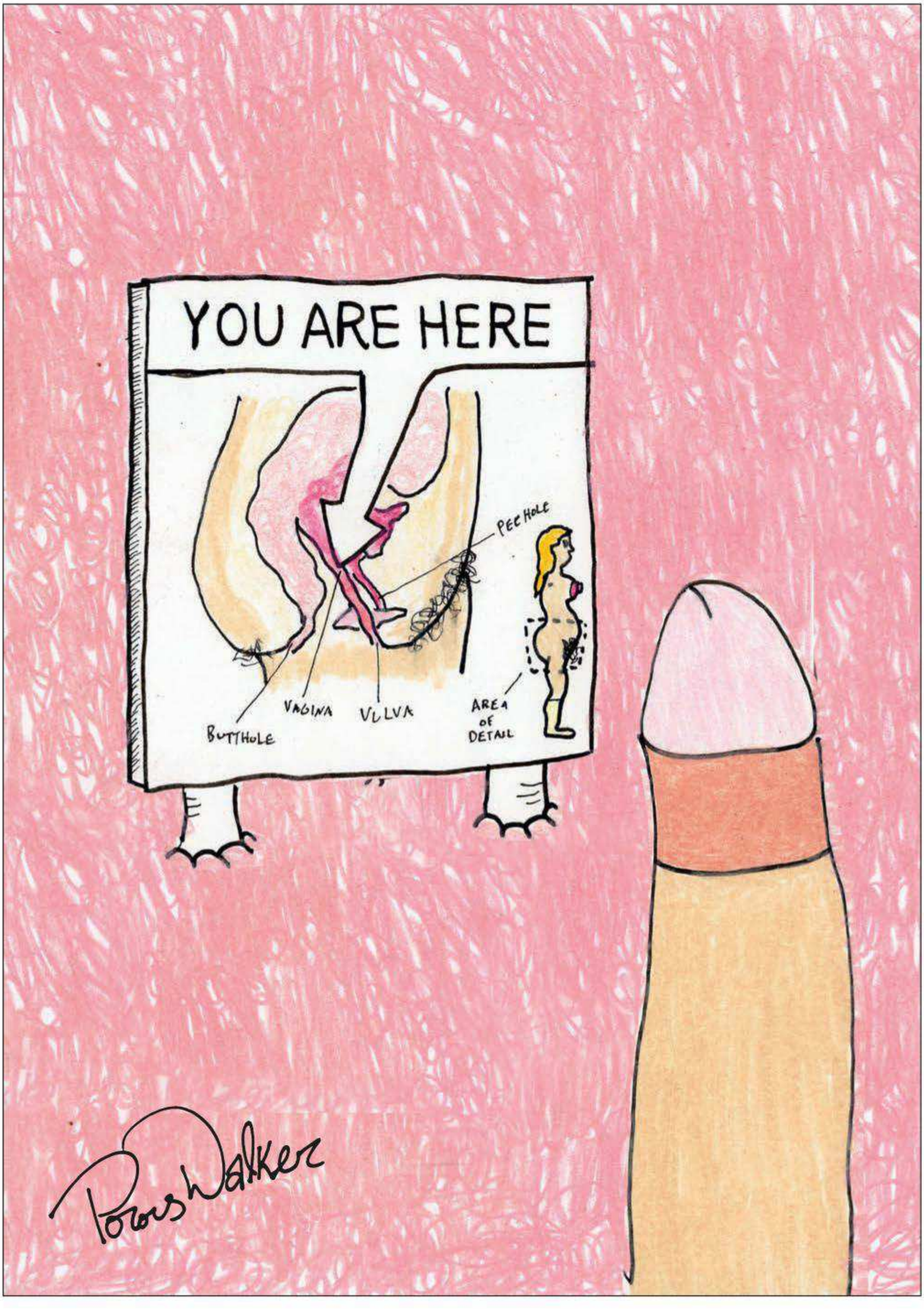

YOU ARE HERE
PEE HOLE
VAGINA
VULVA
BUTTHOLE
AREA OF DETAIL
Porous Walker

PHOTO: TIM SACCENTI

CRUSH

ZOLA JESUS

WHEN it came time to pick a title for her last album, Nika Roza Danilova, who performs as Zola Jesus, went with *Taiga*. The word, sometimes defined as "snow forest," refers to the vast northern woodlands that dominate Canada, Scandinavia, Russia, and north-central Wisconsin, where she grew up. Wintry, unpopulated, austerely beautiful—think evergreens, isolation, a place to get lost, a place to howl if that's your mood.

"Sometimes I would experience freedom from going out into the forest," Danilova said in a 2014 interview, remembering her childhood spent on dozens of wooded acres outside the small town of Merrill, a hundred miles west of Green Bay. "I felt like no one could hear me. I could sing as loud as I wanted. I could scream. And sometimes I would feel a sense of vulnerability, like my safety was at risk, because there were bears out there."

A songwriter who began releasing attention-getting albums while still in college at Madison, orchestrating dark and moody layers on a synthesizer in her bedroom, then bringing in her magnificent voice, Danilova gets inspiration from settings rich in solitude, and has written much of her music when it's below-freezing outside...except when she recorded her 2011 album *Conatus,* because Danilova was living in sunny L.A. at the time. To stay in the groove then, she found herself turning to photos of ice and chilly landscapes.

There's no need for frozen photos these days, however, as she recently moved back to the Wisconsin Northwoods, building a house right next to her childhood tree fort. This followed stints in other piney locations, including Vermont and a remote Puget Sound island. A nature lover who found solace in the woods as a girl, Danilova wanted to reconnect with her roots, and spend time with her family, including her Russian and Slovenian grandparents.

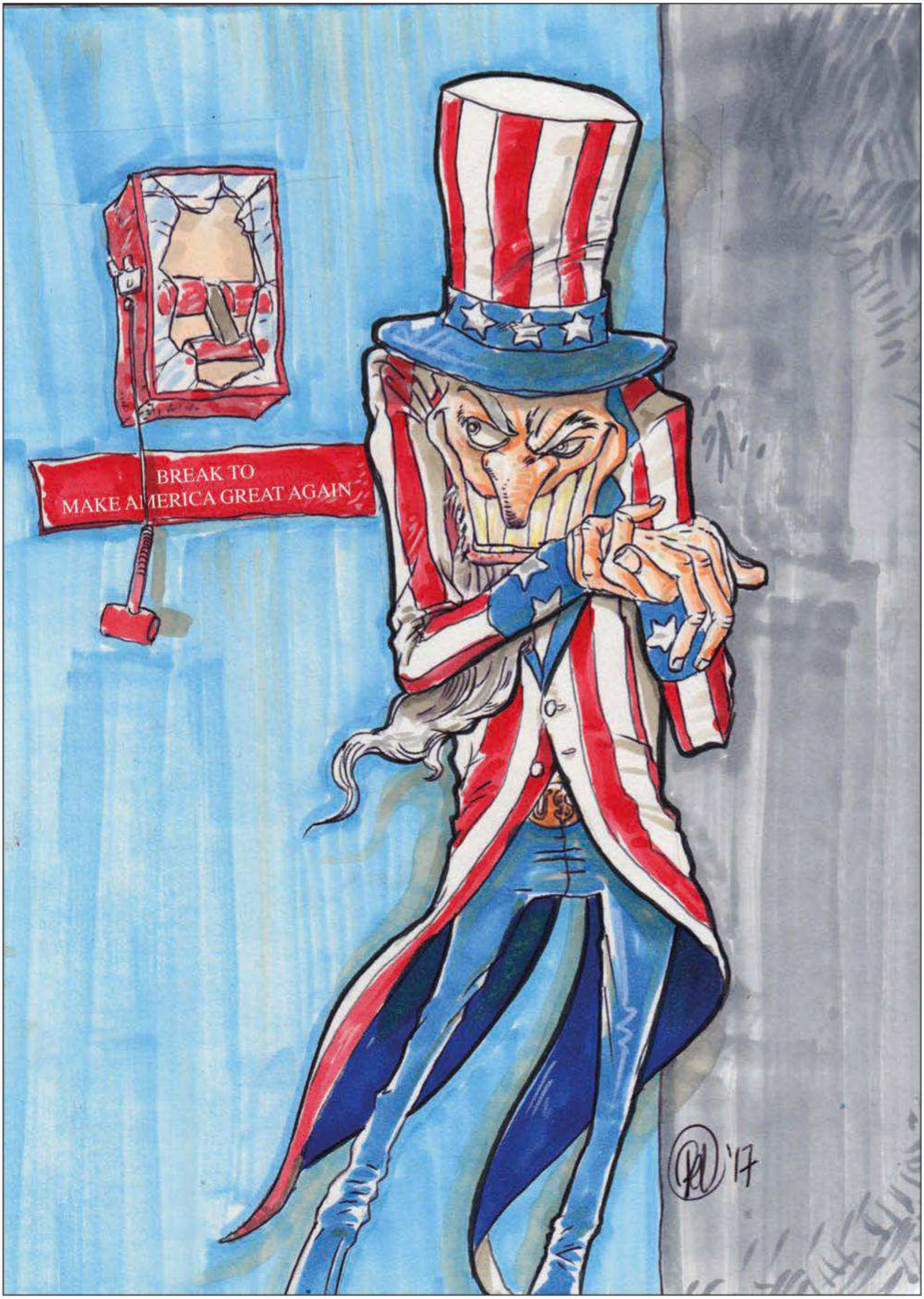
"I need seclusion in order to write," Danilova tells *Penthouse*. "It's hard to get to that space when you feel like you're being watched or listened to. I'm extremely sensitive to my surroundings. I see my environment as an extension of myself, and if there is chaos around me I can't help but also feel it inside."

Classically trained as an opera singer beginning at age ten, this brilliant art-pop composer, now 28, has always been in a league of her own, and not only because of her haunting, searing voice, but because of her distinctively expressive songs, which meld electronica, rock, industrial, and other influences to soaring, hypnotic effect.

Between her debut album *The Spoils* (2009) and the hugely successful *Taiga* (2014), Danilova established herself as an anchor of the goth-pop movement. She's collaborated with M83, Jamie xx, and EL-P, had one of her songs remixed by *Twin Peaks* director David Lynch, and even created her own fragrance that (naturally) smells like burning firewood.

Now she's back with her fifth album, *Okovi* (the word means "shackles" in various Slavic languages), and it's a stunner: dark and dramatic, a complex distillation of raw emotion that grabs you in the marrow. "So much of songwriting is like a dive inward," Danilova says of the forces she draws on in *Okovi,* which demands to be played loud.

For the time being, she's traded her forest home for a tour bus and stages across America and Europe. Audiences will be mesmerized by Danilova, aka Zola Jesus, a sultry, dynamic siren with a voice that enchants, and songs that blast into your soul. ◆


BREAK TO
MAKE AMERICA GREAT AGAIN
US
PEL '17

FILM

TRAUMA DRAMA

TIS the season for movies that freak us the fuck out. So gather round, kiddies, as our merry band of writers share their favorites. Viewer discretion advised.

Mish Barber-Way
Out of the Blue (1980) Remember the mom from *Gummo* whose kid tapes the bacon to the bathtub wall, then they do a tap dance together in the basement? She plays the little girl in this film. Dennis Hopper wrote it. When I rented it a zillion years ago, I had to put down a $100 deposit because it was the only copy. Precious!

River's Edge (1986) This film asks one of the toughest barstool hypotheticals: What would you do if your best friend killed someone? Based on the rape and murder of Marcy Renee Conrad, it holds up as a cult classic about how disconnected teenagers can be when shit really hits the fan. Bonus? Young Keanu Reeves and Crispin Glover as soft-hearted heshers that buy their weed from a legless vet, Dennis Hopper, who lives with his blow-up doll.

Dave Carnie
Errol Morris's ***Vernon, Florida*** (1981). This isn't considered “horror,” but “Florida” is in the title. It's one of my favorite films and one of the funniest documentaries I've ever seen, but there's something truly frightening about the subjects he interviews.

Chris Collingwood
The Lair of the White Worm (1988) Based on the final, unfinished novel by Bram Stoker, and one of the most ridiculous movies ever made. Amanda Donohoe is a sultry vampire hunting a virgin to sacrifice to a pagan snake god, while a young Hugh Grant is called on to slay the beast. A great mix of scares, clever dialogue, and camp.

High Tension (2003) Super-stylish French New Wave horror. As the title suggests, it's incredibly tense—there's a murderer chasing some college students for most of the movie—but it's artfully directed and there's a crazy twist at the end.

Cold Fish (2010)
From Japanese auteur Sion Sono, a surreal and brutal story about a tropical-fish tycoon/serial killer. Sono's movies are all bat-shit insane and watching them is like trying to remember the logic of a long, confusing dream.

Lifeforce (1985) A catatonic naked woman is found by astronauts and brought back to Earth, where they realize too late that she's an alien vampire who can suck your soul out through your face. The melodramatic acting and grand-cinema spectacle are reminiscent of old Hollywood.

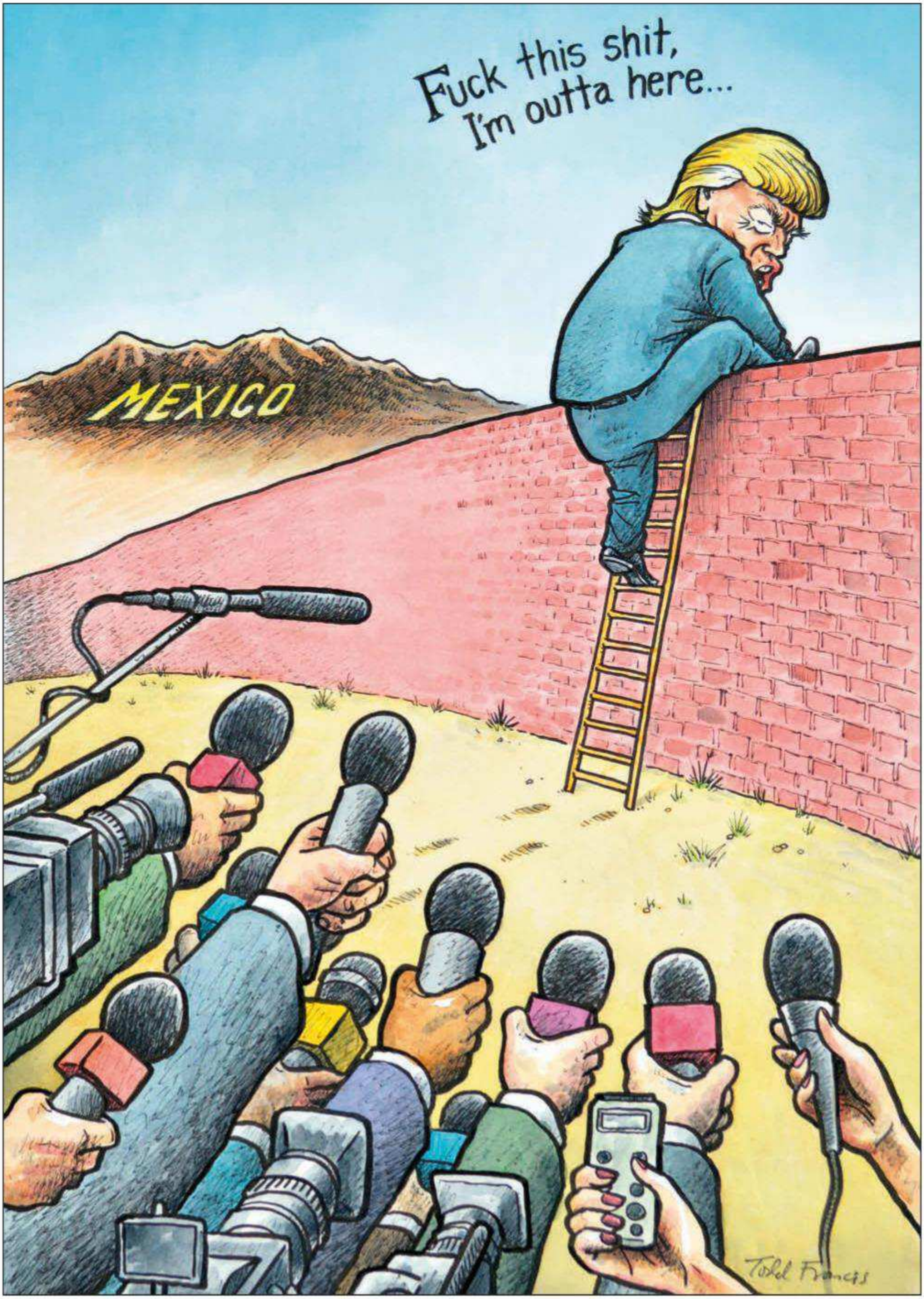
The Witch (2015) Watching this literally made my body hurt from the stress. Ostensibly about a witch terrorizing a New England frontier family in the 1600s, the movie is more about religious paranoia turning to intense distrust.

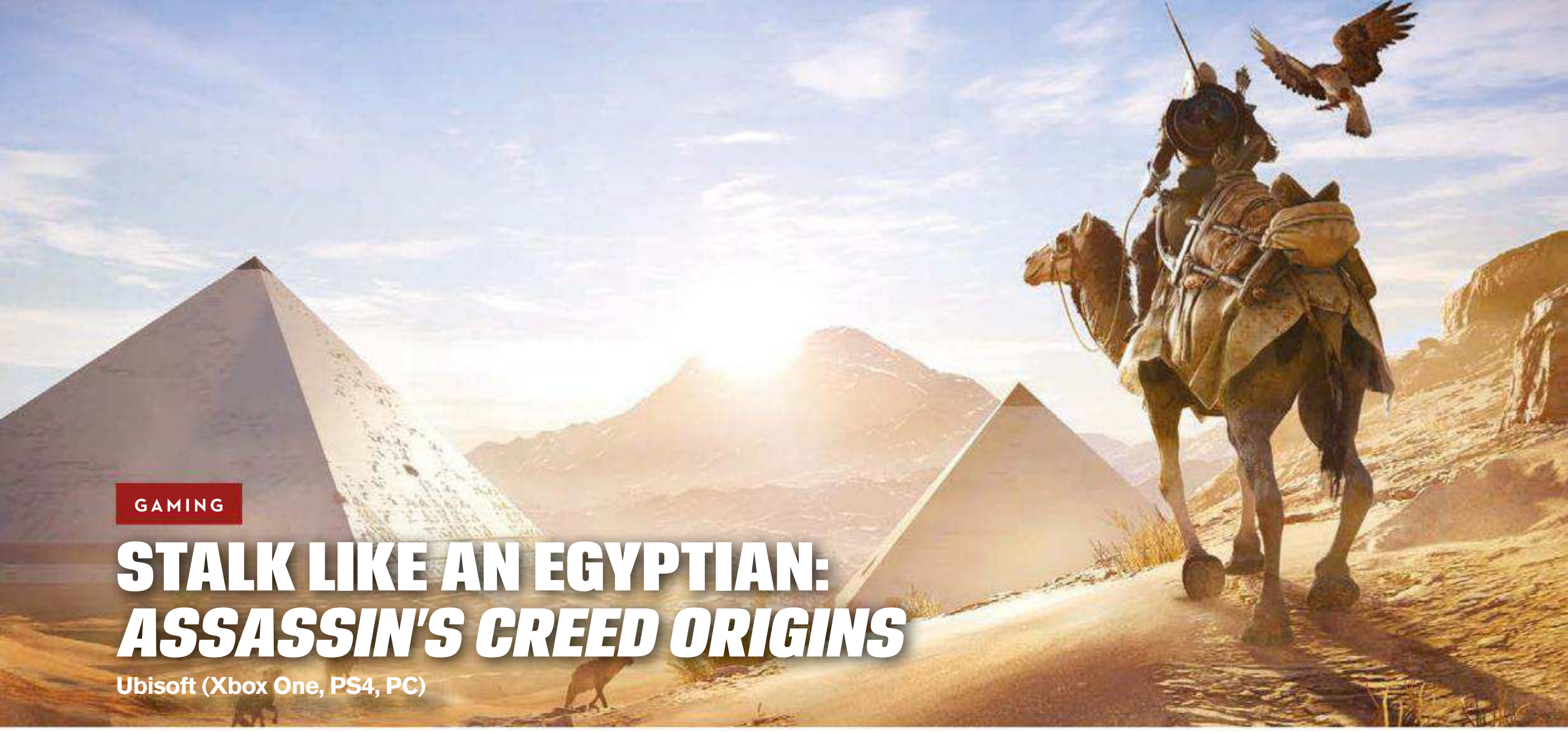
Steve Faber
Les Diaboliques (1955) changed the way horror and film collided. Two women—one the wife of a boarding school owner, the other his mistress—conspire to kill the man they've both come to despise. The body disappears. Strange things begin to happen, and the film builds intensity through story and character. It was remade countless times, but none ever quite captured the magic of the French original.

Phil Hanrahan
Every Halloween, I grab three classics: the Venice-set paranormal murder mystery with a red-hooded dwarf, ***Don't Look Now*** (1973); ***The Sentinel*** (1977), premised on the idea of a portal to hell in a Brooklyn brownstone; and ***The Changeling*** (1980), a fantastic Seattle-set haunted house movie starring George C. Scott.

Sarah Walker
See the Sea (1997) This quiet French drama is twisted as fuck. A young mother and her baby are vacationing alone at a beach house when a strange woman arrives and pitches a tent in their yard. I once recommended it to a coworker who stopped speaking to me afterward.

PHOTO: SHUTTERSTOCK.COM


Fuck this shit,
I'm outta here...
MEXICO
Todd Francis



GAMING

STALK LIKE AN EGYPTIAN: *ASSASSIN'S CREED ORIGINS*

Ubisoft (Xbox One, PS4, PC)

THE scowling, cowl-wearing antiheroes of the *Assassin's Creed* series are gaming's most educational mischief makers, fomenting political unrest in historically accurate recreations of the Old World and the New World in more than a dozen increasingly convoluted games. This latest chapter goes all the way back to the ancient world—dynastic Egypt—to wipe the slate clean and reveal the origins of the series' brotherhood of shit-stirring assassins. You play Bayek, a protector of Egypt in the kingdom's waning days, circa 300 B.C. The Greeks have usurped the pharaohs and banned worship of the land's gaggle of colorful deities. Bayek, an old-school Nubian warrior, wants the Greeks to pack their chariots and skedaddle, and his methods are not subtle.

As the most free-form installment in the series yet, *Origins* expands the assassin's stock-in-trade beyond spring-loaded blades and bows and arrows. You can shoot the locks off the cages of captive lions to sow chaos upon your enemies. You can even drug and tame the most dangerous animals Egypt has to offer, from hippos to crocs. A pet eagle gives you a bird's-eye view of the kingdom—from the Pyramids of Giza to King Tut's tomb entrance in the Valley of the Kings—helping you plot your next objective and plan your assaults. Bayek has more than just the wildlife and the old Egyptian gods on his side. He's feted as a hero in parts of Egypt still under the pharaoh's control. In areas dominated by the Greeks, he's a dangerous relic of the past. People throughout the kingdom go about their daily lives—eating, sleeping, engaging in religious ceremonies, and even stepping out to drain the lizard. Study the routines of your enemies to become the Greeks' worst enemy. If only history class was this kickass.

TROUBLEMAKERS: BAD BEHAVIORS TAUGHT IN OPEN-WORLD GAMES

> 4 <

WHALING (AS LEARNED IN *ASSASSIN'S CREED IV: BLACK FLAG*)

Not only does this swashbuckling adventure let you explore the Spanish Main in your own square-rigged warship and sing shanties with famous rum-soaked freebooters (from Blackbeard to "Calico" Jack Rackham), you can also harpoon and slaughter whales in gruesome detail.

> 3 <

PICKING LOCKS (AS LEARNED IN *THIEF*)

Thief is about grand-theft *everything* in an oppressively gothic town known simply as "The City" on a quest for all that glitters. Players wield nothing but a blackjack and a set of lock picks tied to a surprisingly true-to-life minigame that uses the joypad's two analog sticks to simulate each individual pick in your fingers.

> 2 <

SMARTPHONE OBSESSION (AS LEARNED IN *FALLOUT 4*)

This postapocalyptic adventure equips its hero with a wrist-mounted digital assistant called the Pip-Boy preloaded with all sorts of distractions, from strategic advice to minigames inspired by old-school consoles. Gadget obsessives can even play with their Pip-Boys IRL, thanks to a Bluetooth-enabled $350 model suitable for display and collecting dust.

> 1 <

PREMARITAL SEX (AS LEARNED IN *THE WITCHER III: WILD HUNT*)

Set on a sprawling continent even larger than the realm of the similar *Skyrim,* this infamously wide-open open-world game is crammed with villages, citadels, and merchant cities teeming with shady characters—many of them women you can bed with the right mix of charm and persuasion.

libido | noun | li-bi-do

1: A person's desire to have sex.

2: Instinctual psychic energy that in psychoanalytic theory is derived from primitive biological urges (as for sexual pleasure or self-preservation) and that is expressed in conscious activity.

PENTHOUSE
Life on Top
Libido Libations
CHERRY VODKA
VODKA WITH NATURAL FLAVORS ADDED
FASHIONED FOR HER
IMPORTED FROM HOLLAND
34.5% ALC/VOL (69 PROOF) 750ML
PENTHOUSE
Life on Top
Libido Libations
CHERRY VODKA
VODKA WITH NATURAL FLAVORS ADDED
CRAFTED FOR HIM
IMPORTED FROM HOLLAND
34.5% ALC/VOL (69 PROOF) 750ML
Drink Sexy!

Brand Manager: Prestige Imports LLC (USA) Ph 844-LIFE ON TOP (844-543-3668)
World Export Contact: Melchers Groups (International) penthouse@melchers.nl

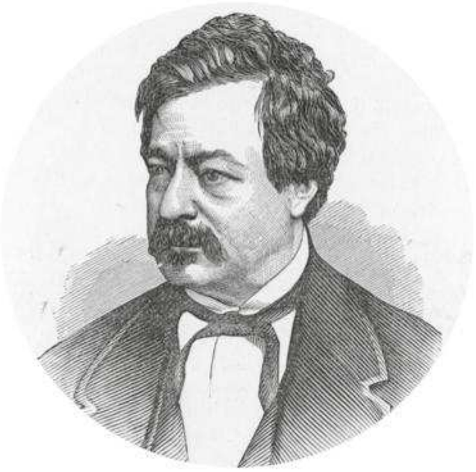
PENTHOUSE, the One Key Logo and "Life on Top" are trademarks of General Media Communications, Inc. and are used under license.

www.penthousespirits.com

THE ASTOR PLACE RIOT OF 1849

AMERICA'S TESTY RELATIONSHIP WITH SHAKESPEARE IS NOTHING NEW.

BY MICHAEL HINGSTON



THE theater is a great place to make a point. Take, for instance, this past June, when members of the alt-right rushed the stage at New York's Shakespeare in the Park to protest the title character's more-than-passing resemblance to President Trump in a production of *Julius Caesar*.

Part publicity stunt, part narrow-mindedness from people who clearly haven't seen a lot of theater, the Public Theater protests grabbed headlines. But they were far from unprecedented. In fact, Americans have a testy relationship with Shakespeare that dates back centuries—and compared to the most violent such blow-up in U.S. history, this kerfuffle looks downright adorable.

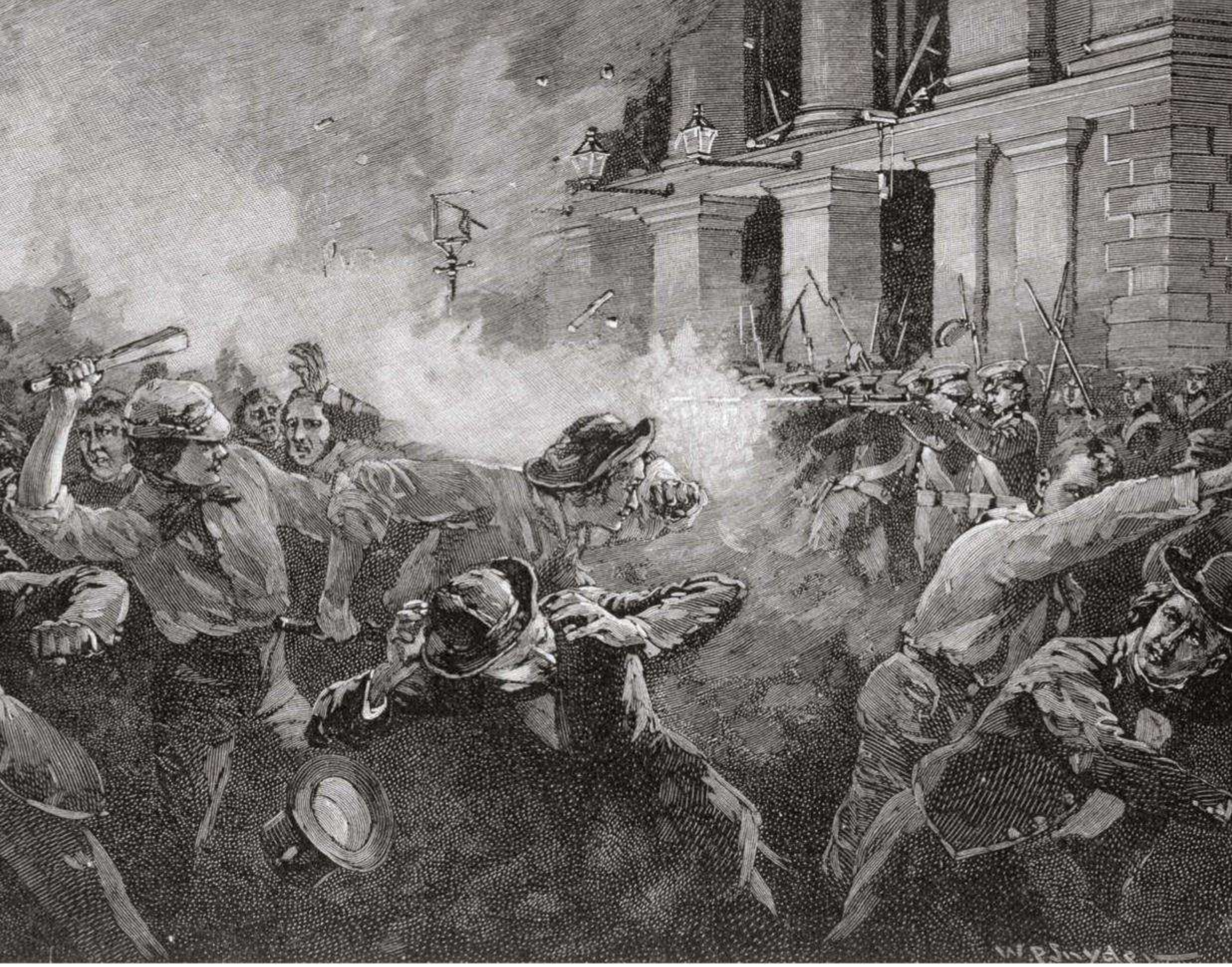
A grainy video that got retweeted a bunch of times? Okay, how about 10,000 *Macbeth* fans battling armed militiamen in the streets of lower Manhattan? Welcome to the Astor Place Riot of 1849.

The first thing to know is that in nineteenth-century America, Shakespeare was not an acquired taste. He was beloved by rich and poor alike, and his works were everywhere. Alexis de Tocqueville, touring the country in the 1830s, was shocked to find copies of his plays in the most far-flung frontier cabins. Many towns even had hotels and saloons named after the Bard.

Americans loved Shakespeare, but for a young nation trying to carve out its own identity, there was baggage, too. Stateside audiences had grown tired of the usual (read: English) ways of performing the Bard, a cerebral style associated with William Charles Macready, a British actor who was widely acclaimed as the best of his generation. Contrast that with a guy like Edwin Forrest, America's first homegrown star, who was higher energy and more physical on the stage. Theatergoers across the U.S. argued over who was the better actor, and the argument went well beyond aesthetics: It all fed into the country's larger divide between wealthy English interests and working-class American ones. Something had to give.

As it happened, both Macready and Forrest were set to perform *Macbeth* on the same night in May 1849, just a few blocks apart. The trouble started a few days earlier, when hundreds of Forrest supporters infiltrated the audience of the Brit-friendly Astor Place Theatre and booed Macready before he'd even uttered a word. They held up a banner reading, "NO APOLOGIES—IT IS TOO LATE." Within minutes the cast was

IILLUSTRATIONS: GETTY IMAGES / HULTON ARCHIVE / STRINGER ; RIGHT: BETTMANN



being pelted with eggs, apples, potatoes, bits of wood, coins, vials of medicine, and at least one old shoe. Macready tried to go on with the show anyway—until a rowdy saloonkeeper hurled a chair at him.

Back in his hotel room, the actor was poised to quit and return to England for good, but a letter signed by forty-odd American intellectuals, including Washington Irving and Herman Melville, convinced him to stick around for one final performance.

To ensure the theater's safety, on the morning of May 10, the mayor assembled 800 policemen, plus volunteer state militia in the form of cavalry, infantry, and light artillery. Sure enough, by the time Macready's show opened at 7:30 that evening, 10,000 angry New Yorkers had gathered in the streets around the Astor Place. Anti-British protestors started pelting the theater with cobblestones from a nearby construction site; others tried (and failed) to set the building on fire, while the play was still going on inside. Even when the police and militia arrived, at around 9 P.M., the mob held the upper hand. Until, that is, they decided to start shooting. Musket fire filled the air, and then bodies—of protestors and innocent bystanders alike—hit the ground. Some were carried into the Astor Place Theatre to safety, where American blood seeped into British velvet benches.

By the time the smoke had cleared, hours later, more than 25 civilians were dead. Upwards of 50 soldiers had been wounded. At least that many citizens, too. Wagons were pulled down Broadway to retrieve bodies from the surrounding shops and benches. All told, it was the bloodiest military event involving civilians the country had seen since the Revolution.

In addition to causing so much death and destruction, the Astor Place Riot ended up further solidifying the class divide in New York, and deepened the emerging gulf in the country between "high" and "low" culture. But the alt-right of today should take note: Even when surrounded by actual gunfire, the show could not be stopped. In fact, one critic wrote that he never saw a better finale of *Macbeth* than he did from Macready that night.

Michael Hingston is a writer based in Edmonton, Alberta. He was our Senior Editor's kindergarten boyfriend.

BOOKS

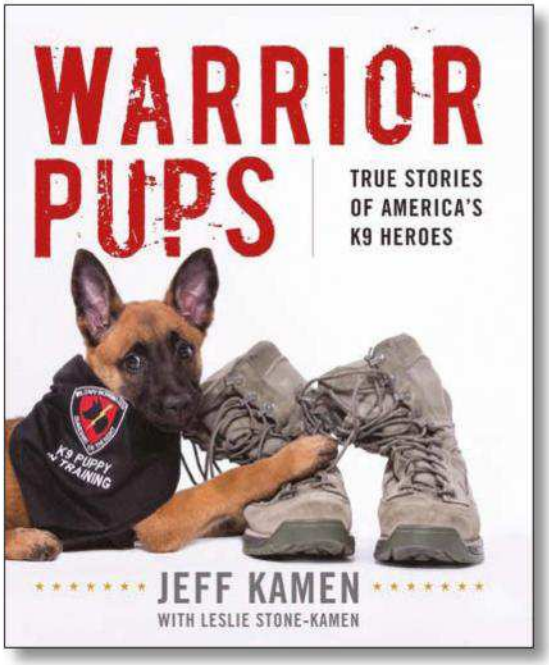
ROUGH TEXT

By Dave Carnie

WARRIOR PUPS
By Jeff Kamen
Lyon's Press

I DON'T wish to impair anyone's enjoyment of naked ladies with stories about dead dogs, but I feel this is the only opportunity I'm ever going to get to talk about a real-life problem that I found out about the hard way: chip bags. My intent is to spread awareness about this relatively unknown danger so that no one has to go through what we went through.

One night in May I found our 11-year-old dachshund, Beckett, dead under a tree in our backyard at 3 A.M. with a Cheetos bag wrapped around his head. His body was cold and stiff.



Earlier that day we had begun a landscaping project. When the work crew left for the night, they made a neat pile of their tools, chain saws, and a 12-pack of soda. Beckett likely went out around midnight to take a pee, as he did nearly every night, and found the Cheetos bag buried amid the workers' trash.

"A lot of these bags," it reads on PreventPetSuffocation.com, "are made from a strong mylar-like material which helps keep snacks fresher. When a curious dog puts his head into the bag looking for leftover crumbs, the bag creates a vacuum-like seal around the dog's neck. As he tries to breathe, the bag tightens, cutting off the oxygen."

This, I sadly learned, is not an uncommon way for animals to die. So, whether you have pets or not: tear, rip, and cut up your chip bags when you're finished with them.

From here, we turn to *War Pups,* a book about military working dogs. Beckett died doing what he loves—eating—and the same could probably be said for all the brave dogs that have fallen while serving in the U.S. military. Author Jeff Kamen and his wife, photographer Julie Stone-Kamen, spent a month living at the Lackland Air Force Base in south Texas where almost all of the military's dogs are born, bred, and trained. The result of their experience is this book.

As a bleeding-heart liberal, I eyed this work with suspicion. "Those dogs," I heard myself saying, "didn't volunteer to be sent into a war created by multinational corporations who want to rape foreign lands to profit from their natural resources!"

But as my wife Tania pointed out, "Those dogs probably DO want to be in a war zone." Dogs were born to hunt and kill, she explained, but we've bred that out of them.

She's right, of course. We used to laugh at Beckett and call him a fake dog. "The dachshund: nature's clown." Whenever wolves came on TV, we'd look at him and go, "How did you come from that? There's no way." And Beckett agreed. He did not carry himself like a dog, did not think of himself as a dog, and while there were very few dogs he could literally look down upon (so short were his legs), he looked down on the other members of his species. He seemed to be under the impression that he was a German prince.

The Belgian Malinois, on the other hand, the military's breed of choice, is fucking BONKERS. And I mean that in a good way. They are DOG to the power of ten. I especially enjoyed the stories about the bad Malinois puppies that bite anyone and anything in sight.

"Even as puppies," Kamen writes, "Belgian Malinois dogs like to snap their teeth together over and over again. They seem to enjoy the clacking sound. They love to bite even more. It's one of the traits that makes them great patrol dogs, but less than appropriate house pets for the untrained owner."

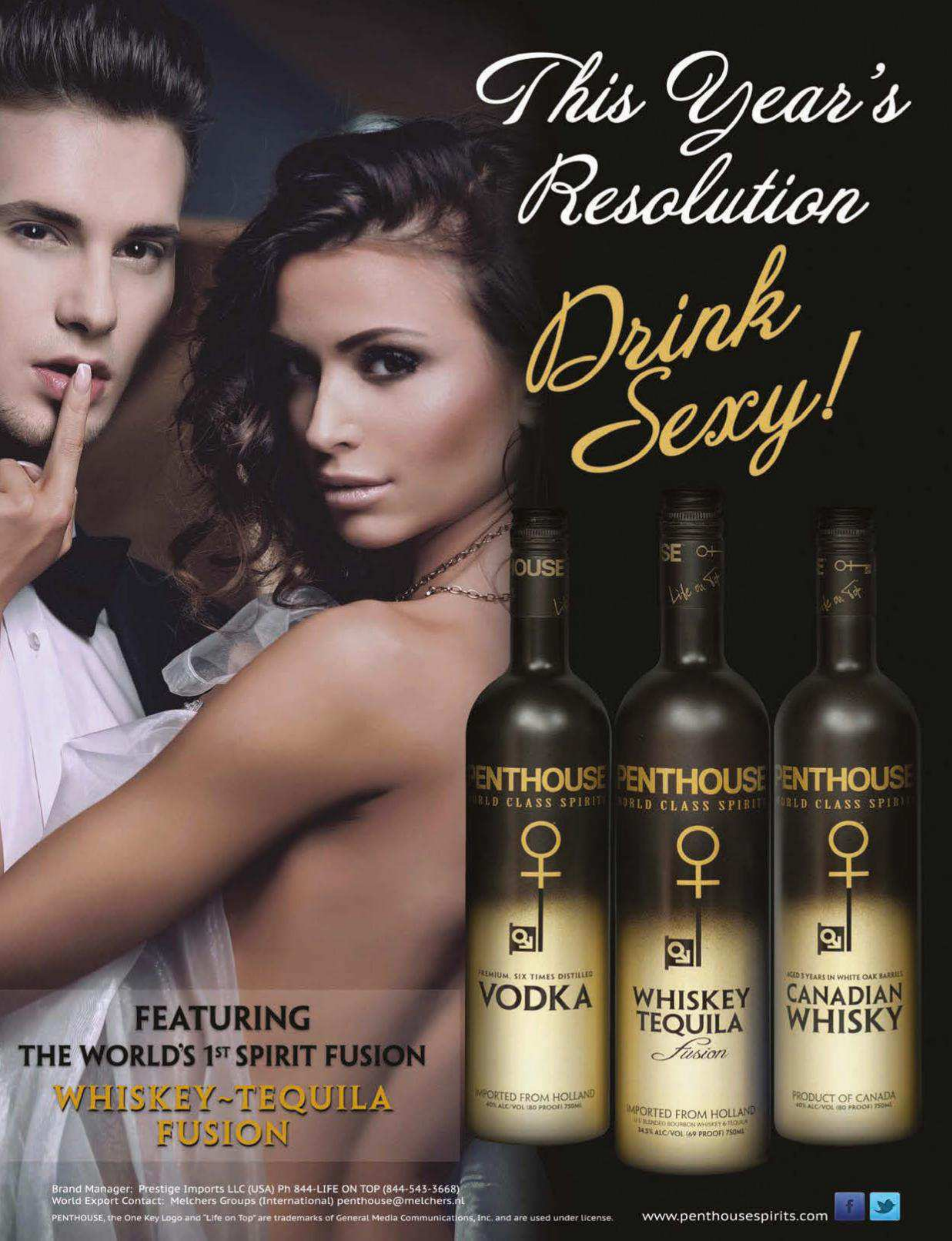
I'm an untrained owner, so the training details that Kamen divulges were interesting to me because we hope to adopt another dog soon. We plan to be more disciplined parents this time around—well, Tania already is a good dog owner, it's me who needs to be disciplined. But besides all the endearing stories of foster parents rearing warrior puppies and the amazing tales of canine courage on the battlefield, there's a wealth of information beneficial to any dog owner.

Kamen writes, for instance, "There are some real 'don'ts' which fosters must observe. One of them is instructive for all of us who have very young dogs: Puppies should not participate in sustained running because that kind of repeated pounding is too harsh for their soft, developing bones and joints."

So: chip bags, no. *Warrior Pups,* yes. And no sustained running for puppies.

Dave Carnie is a Los Angeles-based writer best known for his collection of works about the semiautobiographical character "Davey," a sultry, sexy redhead who loves horseback riding. "It may be short," Davey says of his penis, "but it's skinny."

BOOK IMAGE: COURTESY OF JEFF KAMEN


This Year's Resolution
Drink Sexy!
PENTHOUSE
WORLD CLASS SPIRITS
Life on Top
PREMIUM, SIX TIMES DISTILLED
VODKA
IMPORTED FROM HOLLAND
40% ALC/VOL (80 PROOF) 750ML
WHISKEY TEQUILA
Fusion
IMPORTED FROM HOLLAND
34.5% ALC/VOL (69 PROOF) 750ML
AGED 3 YEARS IN WHITE OAK BARRELS
CANADIAN WHISKY
PRODUCT OF CANADA
40% ALC/VOL (80 PROOF) 750ML
FEATURING
THE WORLD'S 1ST SPIRIT FUSION
WHISKEY~TEQUILA
FUSION

Brand Manager: Prestige Imports LLC (USA) Ph 844-LIFE ON TOP (844-543-3668)
World Export Contact: Melchers Groups (International) penthouse@melchers.nl

PENTHOUSE, the One Key Logo and "Life on Top" are trademarks of General Media Communications, Inc. and are used under license.

www.penthousespirits.com

SEX TOYS

ARE YOU LONESOME TONIGHT?

BY CHRIS NIERATKO

1 / Forced Orgasm Belt & Thunderstick Super Charged Kit $125

This is the perfect gift for anyone who enjoys the classic My-Wife-is-A-Transexual-in-Yoga-Pants gag. (Disclaimer: I'm in no way suggesting that marrying a transsexual is a joke. It's simply that all the trans gals I know tend to use discretion and not wear tight-ass yoga pants with their rods visible.)

My wife is a busty blonde who always catches looks and catcalls from creeps. On numerous occasions she's put a dildo in her white yoga pants to give the effect that she has a massive penis. The problem always ends up being that the dildo doesn't stay in place, negating the joke. Now with this Forced Orgasm Belt, she can grocery shop while wearing a battery-powered wand securely in her pants, allowing her to multitask—satisfying herself while thwarting unwanted advances *and* picking up ice cream.

Another of my new personal favorite gags to play on her is to tie her to the bed while she's wearing the Forced O belt so there's no chance in hell of her wiggling about and unplugging the corded Thunderstick. I'll start the wand at a moderate level and slowly increase the vibration until it hits full strength. Then I'll wait and count how many orgasms she can withstand. Often when she says she can't take another moment I'll shake my head and walk away, leaving her to endure a few more debilitating orgasms until she remembers to use the safe word. I like to think I have a great sense of humor, but safety is no laughing matter, folks. Especially in the bedroom.

Rating: 10 healthyandactive.com

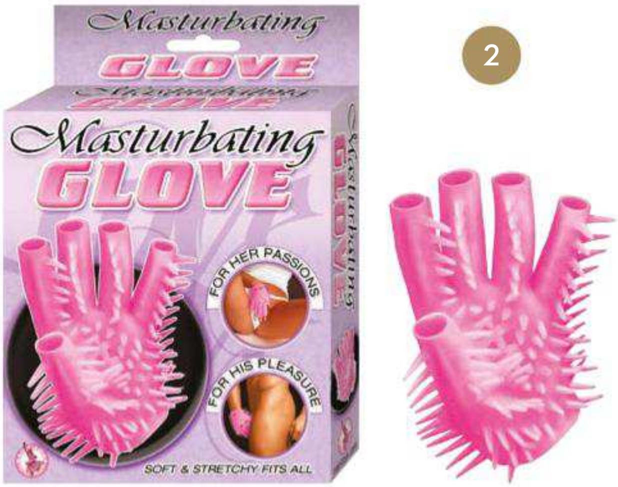
2 / Masturbating Glove $12

Shortly after reading how Nikki Sixx wore his leather pants for months without showering, in Mötley Crüe's book *The Dirt,* a friend and I attempted to see how long we could wear a single pair of pants, without underwear, while remaining sexually active. I think we each made it two months.

Midway through the challenge we found ourselves on a skateboard trip on the East Coast in the dead of summer, smelling ripe. Being a prankster, my buddy took to sticking his hands down his pants and coating his palm with ball sweat and crotch cheese before shaking hands with total strangers. I could smell his funk five feet away whenever he'd ask me to photograph these tender moments.

I'm pretty sure I have PTSD from the experience and, as a result, 15 years later I'm a total germ freak. On my most recent skate trip I brought this masturbating glove along and wore it for two weeks straight to avoid making direct contact with anyone's hands. Luckily, the rubbery puffer-fish look of the glove kept people from wanting to have much contact with me anyway. One woman gave me a scowl as I waived my dirty, pink palm at her. "At least I'm not rubbing dick cheese on you," I yelled, like she had a clue as to what the fuck I was talking about.

Rating: 7 nasstoys.com



Chris Nieratko is the author of VICE media's Skinema, the only porn-review book in history that fails to review any videos.

PRODUCT PHOTOS COURTESY OF XR BRANDS AND NASSTOYS

LOOK SHARP

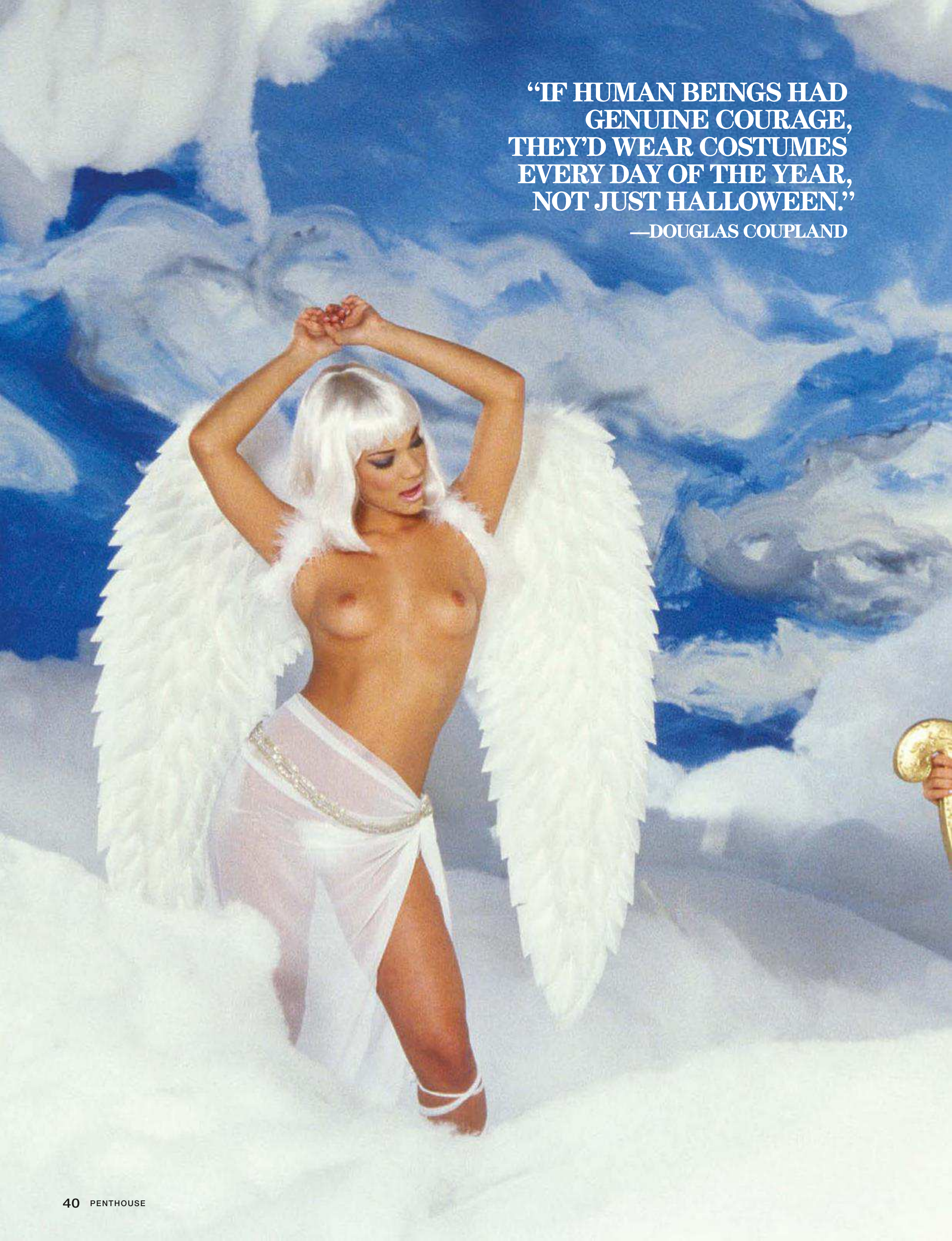
Back in the good ol' days, Bob Guccione let his imagination run wild, jumping from one outrageous concept to another. We kinda hope that the expense reports for body paint, feathered angel wings, and mini robots were astronomical—totally worth it if only to gift us with a scene where a nude Russian clown gets her pussy licked by a fairy princess. And they say art is dead!

Asley , Erika Steele , Gia Regency , Jade , Randy Spears , Tera Patrick, 2002

“THE TRICKSTER’S FUNCTION IS TO BREAK TABOOS, CREATE MISCHIEF, STIR THINGS UP. IN THE END, THE TRICKSTER GIVES PEOPLE WHAT THEY REALLY WANT, SOME SORT OF FREEDOM.”

—TOM ROBBINS

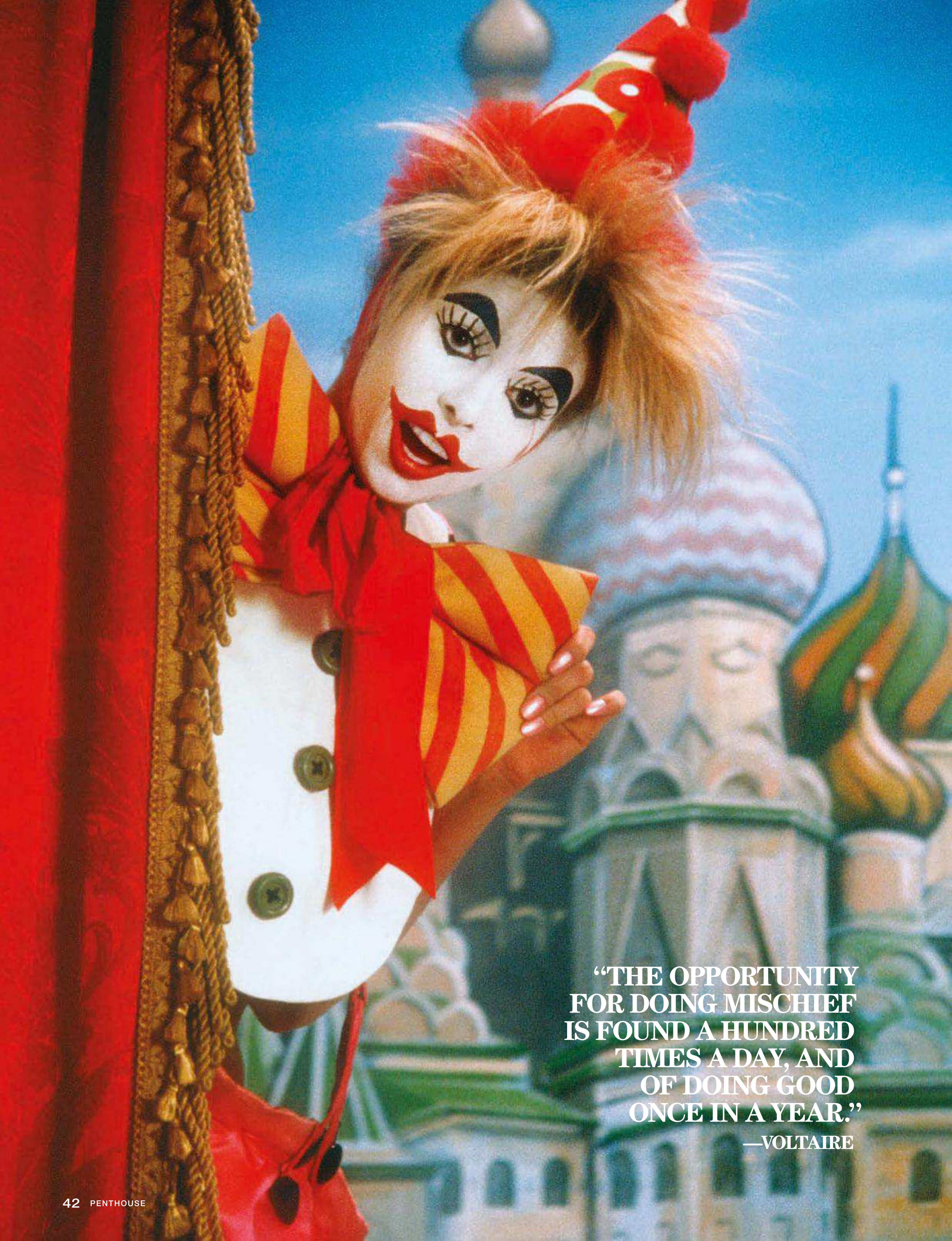
Ginger Miller , Linda Johansen,
1988



“IF HUMAN BEINGS HAD GENUINE COURAGE, THEY’D WEAR COSTUMES EVERY DAY OF THE YEAR, NOT JUST HALLOWEEN.”

—DOUGLAS COUPLAND

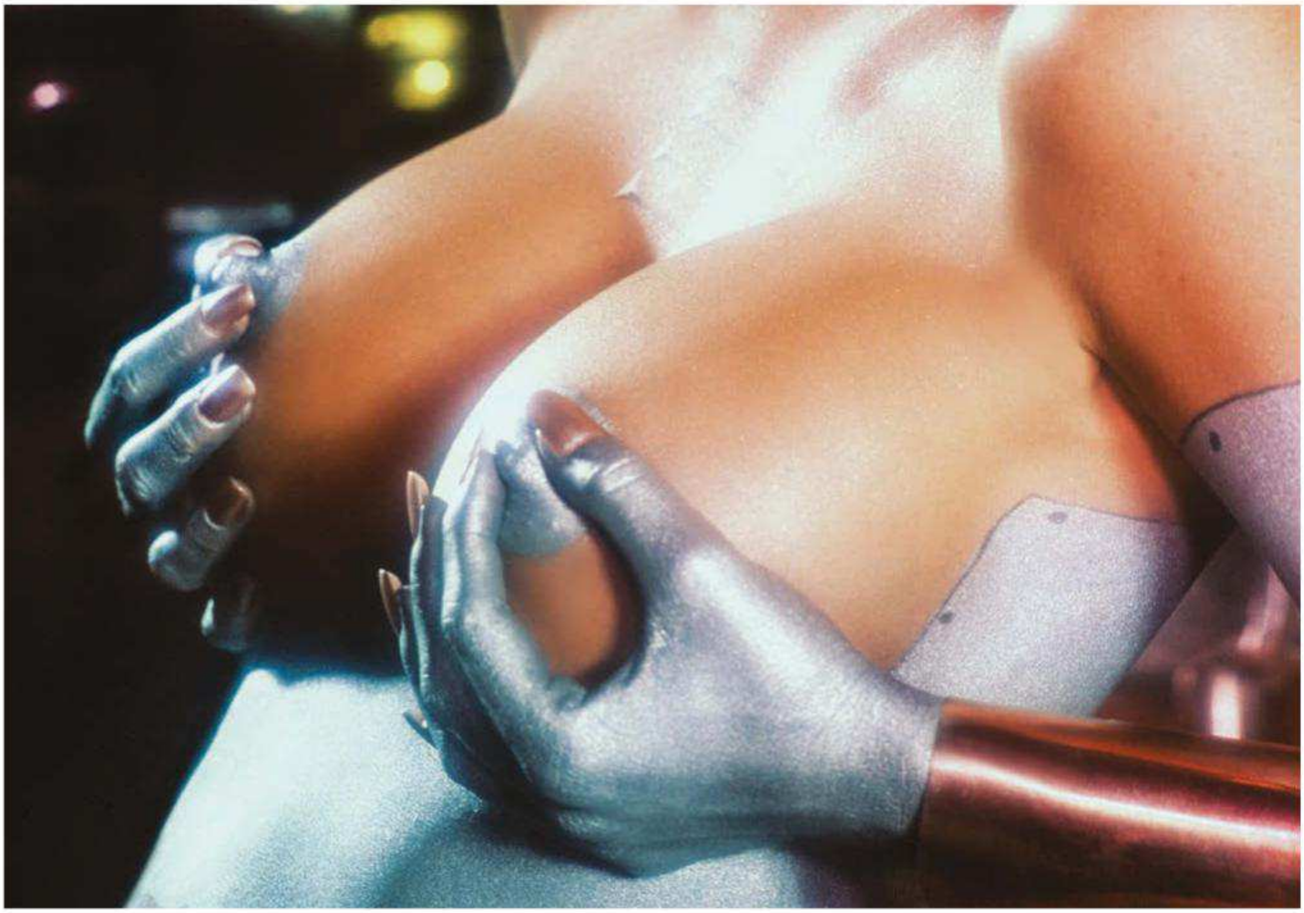
Adriana Sage , Alex Arden , 2001



“THE OPPORTUNITY
FOR DOING MISCHIEF
IS FOUND A HUNDRED
TIMES A DAY, AND
OF DOING GOOD
ONCE IN A YEAR.”
—VOLTAIRE

ISTORIC VAULT CONTENT
AT PENTHOUSE.COM

Julietta , Sara Norton, 1989



Janine Lindemulder , 1991

“IT IS NOT EASY TO BE
A PRETTY WOMAN WITHOUT
CAUSING MISCHIEF.”
—ANATOLE FRANCE

SEE MORE HISTORIC VAULT CONTENT
AT PENTHOUSE.COM

NOSTRADAMUS CANNABIS

COLORADO CANNABIS GURU MAX MONTROSE TALKS ABOUT SYNTHETIC THC AND THE FUTURE OF MEDICAL MARIJUANA.

BY MISH BARBER-WAY

YOU most likely have never heard of the pharmaceutical company INSYS Therapeutics. But you have almost definitely heard of their hot-seller, fentanyl, a synthetic opioid almost a hundred times stronger than heroin. Mind you, the company doesn't peddle the cheap powder form that North American drug users are overdosing on, but instead has developed a designer spray version called Subsys.

Over at INSYS, things are just a cunt hair away from illegal. Not only have they been been under legal fire for providing generous kickbacks to doctors for unnecessarily prescribing Subsys, but as of July 2017, they are being sued by health insurer Anthem Inc. for "fraud, negligent misrepresentation, unjust enrichment, civil conspiracy, and engaging in deceptive, unfair, and unlawful business practices."

Pharmaceutical companies make cheap synthetic versions of herbal medicine. That's the sole purpose of their existence and has been since inception. I'm not exactly blowing anyone's dick off with this information. However, in 2017, INSYS is leading the pack. And just like Subsys rode the coattails of the opioid boom, INSYS's latest FDA-approved drug, Syndros, is doing the same with cannabis.

Syndros is the brand name for dronabinol, a man-made form of THC, the psychoactive cannabinoid found in weed. Unlike its sister pill Marinol, Syndros is the first and only liquid dronabinol on the market.

Synthetic THC is not cheap. A bottle of the lowest dosage of Marinol retails at $774, while a 30ml bottle of Syndros retails at $1,147. Both forms of dronabinol are generally prescribed to patients suffering from nausea or loss of appetite due to AIDS, cancer, or severe chronic pain. Or, if you're like Max Montrose, president of the Trichome Institute, Colorado's leading cannabis educators, then you've been prescribed dronabinol for "wasting syndrome." Well, that and dyslexia, pasha lesions, mild scoliosis, ADHD, and being an obsessive workaholic.

I sat down with the world-renowned cannabis expert to talk synthetics, and what's in store for the future of our favorite plant.

Are synthetic forms of THC less therapeutically effective than the cannabis plant itself?

I know for a fact that Marinol has much less therapeutic value than organic cannabis, and for a very specific reason: poly-pharmacy. "Poly" meaning many and "pharmacy" meaning drug. Cannabis has 60 to 100 cannabinoids in each flower sample, which synergistically works with over 200 types of organic terpenes [compounds found in essential oils of plants]. These two things work together to create the "entourage effect." You need terpenes and cannabinoids together to produce the most beneficial and complete therapeutic medicine. Pharmaceutical companies are trying to take medical marijuana out of the hands of the people by saying that you must regulate it—standardize it into a one-pill-fits-all model. But cannabis does not work that way. Furthermore, THC is not half as therapeutic as the other cannabinoids in cannabis. Why they chose the one cannabinoid that produces psychoactivity—instead of non-psychoactive cannabinoids, which are therapeutic and balanced—proves that they don't know what they're doing.

Have you ever tried Syndros or Marinol?

I have a prescription for Marinol sitting right here on my desk. And I can tell you firsthand that it sucks.

What's it like?

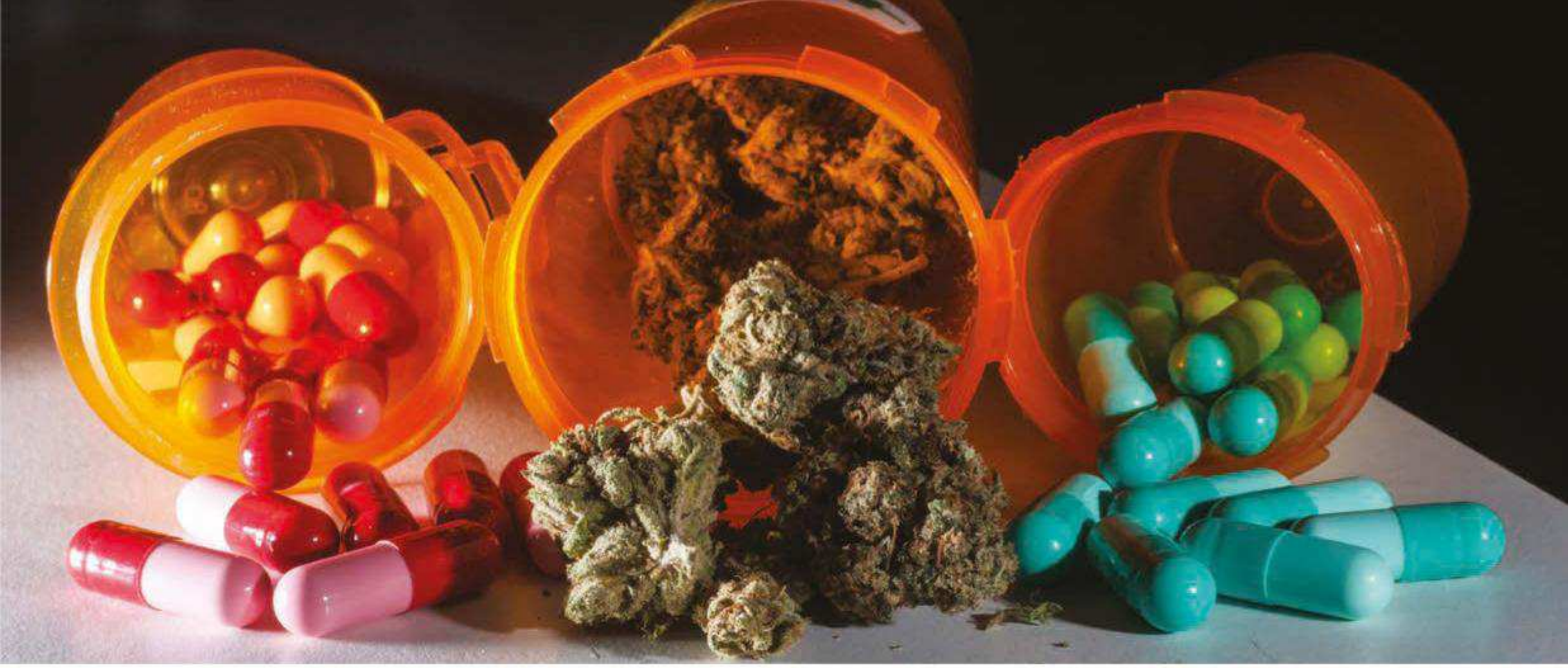
For me, Marinol is like a really cracked-out cup of coffee that makes you feel slightly dumber after you take it. There isn't a high or a stoned feeling like you'd get from smoking an indica or sativa. Here's the other thing: That shit costs the pharmaceutical companies pennies to produce. Chemicals, by themselves, are cheap. For example, you can buy a liquid terpene such as linalyl [a phytochemical found in bergamot and lavender] for a few dollars, whereas a quarter gram of that from the cannabis plant is $280. Pharmaceutical companies buy chemicals in massive quantities. They build those chemicals into drugs.

I'd think most people would prefer the herbal remedy, rather than the synthetic version of that same medicine.

There are herbal versions of most pharmaceutical drugs.

Yeah, and we've been told they don't work as well. Smoking weed for your headache isn't as socially acceptable as taking Tylenol.

Exactly. Natural remedies have been made inaccessible. If you have a bad cold, your chest and lungs are filled with phlegm, how were you educated on what to do? Most likely from a television commercial for Mucinex. But what you never learned is that you can walk down to an herb store and purchase an ounce of mullein [a common flowering plant] for a few dollars that will last you a



lifetime. Mullein is an expectorant, just like Mucinex, so if you smoke it, it will break up all the phlegm in your chest. Doctors would prescribe plants before man invented pharmaceuticals. But there are trillions of dollars [to be made from] chemicals, illegal herbs, and an uninformed public. What's happening with cannabis is the same thing that happened with thousands of other herbs. Cannabis is just the most popular right now.

INSYS Therapeutics' synthetic THC, Syndros, was approved by the FDA in 2016, right at the height of attention toward cannabis legalization. That timing is a bit too perfect, don't you think?

Since 2009, I have publicly stated that I would not be surprised if medical marijuana will be illegal in all 50 states in a much shorter time than most people want to believe.

You think?

Not marijuana, *medical* marijuana. I would not be surprised if cannabis followed the same evolution as alcohol in the way that medical marijuana dispensaries will [split] into medical and retail, which is happening in Colorado right now. Soon the medical cannabis will be phased out [owned by big pharma] and the medical stores will turn into legal retail stores. And I do think in the next ten years cannabis will be recreationally legal in all 50 states. Before the government legalized alcohol, what did they do? They medicalized it! You needed a prescription from a pharmacist to buy liquor during its prohibition. Prohibition turns into medicalization, which turns into decriminalization, which turns into legalization.

Remember, the federal government patented medical cannabis in 2003 under patent No. 6,630,507. It's been almost 15 years since they've been putting a million people in jail per year, because cannabis provides "no medical benefits," even though they hold the patents to the medical benefits of cannabis.

How does the government-owned patent of medical marijuana affect the future of synthetic cannabis or big pharma, as well as the cannabis industry?

Medical marijuana is very serious, but the medical marijuana industry right now, for the most part, is a joke. It's absurd that you have to be trained, licensed, and certified to paint fingernails and cut hair but not to pretend you're a pharmacist in the cannabis industry. We have 100,000 budtenders selling psychoactives to the public and consulting patients about their medicine who are, predominately, stoned 20-year-olds with no training. I develop training programs to solve this problem, but that's just scratching the surface. The physicians who recommend the medical cannabis to their patients have no idea what types of products exist in the industry or how they work. Doctors are completely separated from patients when it comes to the medication they use and how they use it. We still don't have standard ways of measuring THC or other cannabinoid potencies!

True.

It is not that absurd to imagine the federal government rescheduling cannabis to a legitimate drug schedule. The feds made Marinol a Schedule III 20 years ago, while simultaneously permitting themselves to use phytocannabinoids in pharmaceuticals, which would be a monopoly, since they own the patent rights to the medical aspects of cannabis.

Right now, cannabis is federally illegal. The fact that the federal government owns the rights to medical cannabis and that Syndros is coming out now? No duh. I've been waiting for this to happen.

At the risk of sounding cocky, I feel like I hold the crystal ball to the future of cannabis. But you have to understand, I have submerged 15 years of my very young life into knowing absolutely everything there is to know about this plant and its industry. Anything I have predicted has happened at the exact time and way that I said it would. Call me Nostradamus Cannabis, whatever, but I really think recreational legalization will happen.

What is your approach when it comes to the future of cannabis?

My position is that if more people know that cannabis, the flower, is more therapeutic than the synthetic version, and if they are selling cannabis flower as legal adult recreation, then I can help teach you, the consumer, which flower is best for you by way of Interpening [a method cannabis sommeliers use to determine variety and quality]. It's not over. We just need to be more creative and smarter. I'm not afraid of anything, and I'm preparing for the future more than I'm dreading it.

Mish Barber-Way is the smartest dumb blonde ever. She also fronts the band White Lung, loves bacon, and TYPING IN ALL CAPS.

PHOTO: SHUTTERSTOCK.COM / GABRIEL12

THE MISCHIEF OF SEXUAL MCCARTHYISM

BY ALAN M. DERSHOWITZ

IN a mischievous and dangerous column in the *Yale Journal of Law and the Humanities,* Annaleigh Curtis argues that anyone who supports due process for students accused of sexual assault is a propagandist for "rape culture." She goes so far as to compare the "propaganda" underlying the demand for due process to "alarming examples from the Third Reich."

This attack on constitutional rights is designed to intimidate and frighten away defenders of civil liberties. Who, after all, wants to be accused of being the Joseph Goebbels of "rape culture" on a university campus? But the reality is that Curtis herself and those who agree with her absurd accusation are part of the growing McCarthyite culture that is becoming pervasive on campuses across the world. Normally, I would ignore such lunacy from the radical-feminist hard left, who are infamous for their intolerance of dissent and due process. But Curtis masks her intolerance in pseudo-academic jargon, which may persuade others that she has a real point, which she does not.

Let's begin with the undeniable facts that Curtis herself does not dispute. Students on most campuses who are accused of sexual assault do not have the most basic due process safeguards accorded to all Americans in courts of law. Though a finding that a student committed a sexual assault can result in expulsion, career ruination, and lifelong stigma, universities throughout the country deny students the right to confront their accusers, the right to have counsel present, the right to discover exculpatory evidence (such as emails), and most fundamentally, the right to have the case against them proved beyond a reasonable doubt, or at the very least by clear and convincing evidence. The current standard of proof is "by a preponderance," which means that if the evidence is 51 percent likely to be true and 49 percent likely to be false, the student will be found guilty.

Based on this low standard of proof—the standard applicable to cases involving money disputes—it follows that approximately half of the students who are today found guilty may well be innocent. When this low standard is combined with the denial of other basic rights—most importantly to confront and cross-examine one's accuser—the percentage of innocent students who are convicted may be even higher. This conclusion is particularly troubling since many of these cases—perhaps a majority—are grey-area situations in which the sexual encounter was fueled by alcohol and so neither party accurately recalls the precise events that led up to the encounter.

THOSE OF US WHO DEMAND DUE PROCESS FOR ACCUSED STUDENTS STRONGLY BELIEVE THAT "NO" MEANS "NO" AND THAT DOUBTS ABOUT WHETHER A WOMAN CONSENTS TO SEX SHOULD ALWAYS BE RESOLVED BY THE MAN AGAINST GOING FORWARD.

Curtis argues that so-called "rape culture" includes a concept, which she claims is widespread on college campuses, that interprets "no" as "yes." This is how she puts it:

"Objectification set against the backdrop of persistent inequality enforces that 'No Means Yes' because women are constructed as the kind of things that are incapable, or minimally capable, of saying no in a credible way. If they say no, it's as if a football said no to being thrown or kicked, which is to say very confusing and probably mistaken."

But those of us who demand due process for accused students strongly believe that "no" means "no" and that doubts about whether a woman consents to sex should always be resolved by the man against going forward. We believe that any student who acts on the belief that "no means yes" should be severely punished. But in many of these liquor-fueled sexual encounters, there is no "no." Instead there is merely a series of escalating sexual steps that eventually leads to intercourse, oral sex, or some other sexual encounter. The man may honestly believe that the woman is consenting. The woman may be ambivalent or unwilling, but without expressing her feelings.

Whether or not these common encounters constitute sexual assault—and whether there should be gradations of sanctions based on the nature of the encounter—are complicated issues, about which reasonable people can and do disagree. But what is not subject to reasonable disagreement is that a student accused of sexual assault under such circumstances should have a full and complete opportunity to explore all the facts, to confront his accuser with the assistance of counsel, and to be subject to a higher standard of proof than a mere preponderance of the evidence.

To call those who demand due process for students—for men and women students alike—propagandists for "rape culture" is to demean hundreds of years of development of due process in our nation.

Alan M. Dershowitz is professor emeritus at Harvard Law School and author of 35 books, more than a thousand articles, and numerous blogs. Follow him @AlanDersh

ILLUSTRATION: SHUTTERSTOCK.COM / JOHN DORY

VORSKLA ON THE HUDSON

October Pet of the Month Ayumi Anime is one tough cookie. Sure, she grew up in the land of communism, Bolsheviks, and brutal (sometimes nuclear) winters, but she was all smiles for us… even when she had to rip electrical tape off her (damn near perfect) nipples. Ayumi entered the adult industry four short months ago, but she goose-stepped her way to the top faster than Oliver Stone crawled into Putin's ass. Too much? Sorry, Ayumi. You're in the States now. Poking fun at everyone is kind of our thing.

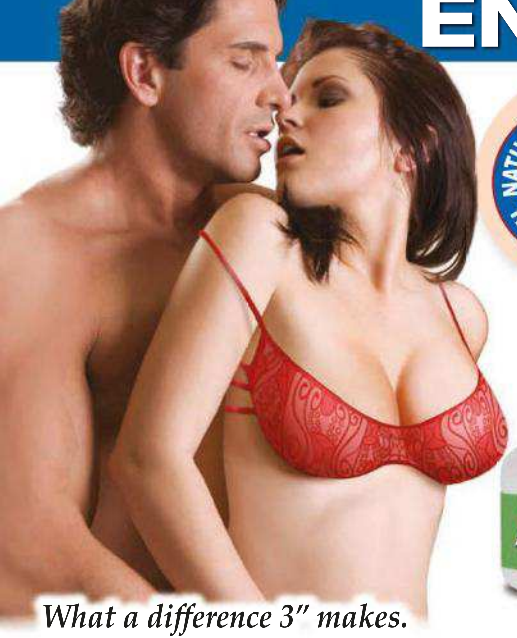
Photography: Rick Rodney

“MY FAVORITE THING ABOUT MY JOB IS THAT IT IS NOT A JOB. IT’S A JOY!”

“I LOVE BEING DOMINATED IN BED. I WANT YOU TO MAKE ME FEEL HELPLESS.”

“I’M AN AMBITIOUS WORKAHOLIC. IF I SEE THE GOAL, I DON’T SEE ANY OBSTACLES.”

PERMANENT LIFETIME ENLARGEMENT?



What a difference 3″ makes.
Reach Your Maximum Potential

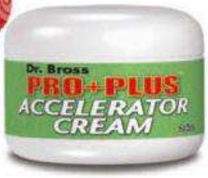
MADE WITH NATURAL INGREDIENTS

Dr. Bross advises erection size can be 3 inches bigger, stay harder and can have enlargement for a lifetime when you continue to take **PRO+PLUS LIQUID**. Size can be bigger in less than 40 days. Choose **Original, Advanced or Ultimate. Special up to 6 months FREE.**

Dr. Bross
PRO+PLUS
ULTIMATE LIQUID
Maximum Male Enhancement Liquid

PRO+PLUS ULTIMATE does not contain Yohimbe and L-Arginine

PRO+PLUS LIQUID
Liquids absorb 98% and immediately goes into the body's system.
For best results Dr. Bross recommends 1 year supply to reach your Maximum Potential.



PRO+PLUS ACCELERATOR CREAM
Can speed up the time it takes to get bigger by up to 50%. FREE WITH ANY 360 DAYS SUPPLY OF PRO+PLUS LIQUID FORMULA

Dr. Bross
PRO+PLUS
MyTMax
Testosterone Booster
Dr. Bross Approved Maximum Strength
PRO+PLUS Xtreme
Male Enhancement
Ready Anytime

PRO+PLUS MYTMAX
TESTOSTERONE BOOSTER
Powerful herbal formula can increase sexual energy.

PRO+PLUS XTREME
For Immediate Erections. Effective Up To 12 Hours.
FREE BOTTLE WITH ANY PRO+PLUS FORMULA

I'm Eva
A guy I met in the club uses the Ultimate Formula to fulfill my desires. Hear about our passionate nights.
(888)557-0381

I'm Jenni,
Thanks to the Xtreme formula my boyfriend is always ready when I am. Hear how he satisfies my desires.
(888)552-0763

Sexciter Liquid
Attract-A-Mate

SUPER FORMULAS SPECIAL OFFER
See FREE Special Below.

ATTRACT-A-MATE
Pheromone spray can make women desire you.

SEXCITER LIQUID
Excites women better than Spanish fly.

I'm Linda
My husband is away now, but he used the liquid with the Advanced Formula and left me completely satisfied. You can hear the bliss in my voice.
(888)241-9548

I'm Brenda,
Like my booty... So does my boyfriend. Thanks to the Booster he shows me how much every day. Hear how he shows me.
(888)242-0469

MONEY BACK GUARANTEE
CALL TOLL FREE ANYTIME • 24/7
Se Habla Español
1-800-378-4689
1-747-230-5000 9 am-5 pm PST (M-F)

www.ProPlusMed.com

SEND ORDER FORM AND PAYMENT TO:
AVID PRO MEDICAL **dept. 710P5A**
Box 571030
Tarzana, CA 91357

Phone & Internet Orders specify products and dept. code (shown left, next to company name).

☐ Check ☐ Money Order ☐ Cash
☐ Visa ☐ MasterCard ☐ Amex ☐ Discover

Quantity	**MYTMAX** Testosterone Booster Can increase sex drive and performance	**Original** For men 18 to 55 who need that extra edge. Can work in 5 to 6 months.	**Advanced** For men 18 to 45 who wants maximum penis enlargement can work in 3 to 4 months.	**Ultimate** Has our highest success rate for any man 18 or older. Any penis size and can work in 2 to 3 months.	
30 Days Supply + 30 Days FREE	☐ $45	☐ $50	☐ $60	☐ $80	$ ______
60 Days Supply + 60 Days FREE	☐ $80	☐ $90	☐ $110	☐ $140	$ ______
120 Days Supply + 120 Days FREE	☐ $110	☐ $130	☐ $160	☐ $200	$ ______
180 Days Supply + 180 Days FREE	☐ $150	☐ $170	☐ $210	☐ $240	$ ______

CREDIT CARD NO.

EXPIRES: Month/Year

CVS CODE 3-digit Code on back of card or 4-digits on front of Amex

NAME (print) (I am over 18 and agree to the terms of ProPlusMed.com)

ADDRESS

CITY/STATE/ZIP

EMAIL ADDRESS (optional)

PHONE NUMBER (optional)

Orders discreetly shipped with UPS or Priority Mail.

Foreign Orders – Add $25.00 S&H.

COPYRIGHT ©1996 PRO+PLUS is a trade name of Avid Pro Medical. Individual results may vary. These statements have not been evaluated by the FDA. This product is not intended to diagnose, treat, cure or prevent any disease.

Quantities — Amount

PRO+PLUS XTREME FREE BOTTLE WITH ANY PRO+PLUS LIQUID FORMULA

____ 1 Bottle (8 Capsules) . . . . $14.95 FREE ☐ $ ______
____ 1 Bottle 48 Capsules. . . . . $48.75 $ ______

Super Formulas Select **ONE FREE** With Any Pro+Plus Liquid Order.
Three Free With Any 360 Days Supply Of Pro+Plus Liquid

____ **Sexciter Liquid to Excite Women** $25.00 each FREE ☐ $ ______
____ **Attract-A-Mate to Attract Women** $25.00 each FREE ☐ $ ______
____ **PRO+PLUS Accelerator Cream** $25.00 each FREE ☐ $ ______
____ **Pleasure Principal DVD** featuring Jon West $9.95 FREE ☐ $ ______

Pleasure Principal DVD FREE with any Pro+Plus Liquid order 60 days supply or more.

TOTAL PURCHASE: $ ______
CA Residents add 9% sales tax: $ ______
Shipping, Rush Service and Insurance $20.00 VALUE ONLY $ 14.95
TOTAL ENCLOSED OR CHARGED: $ ______

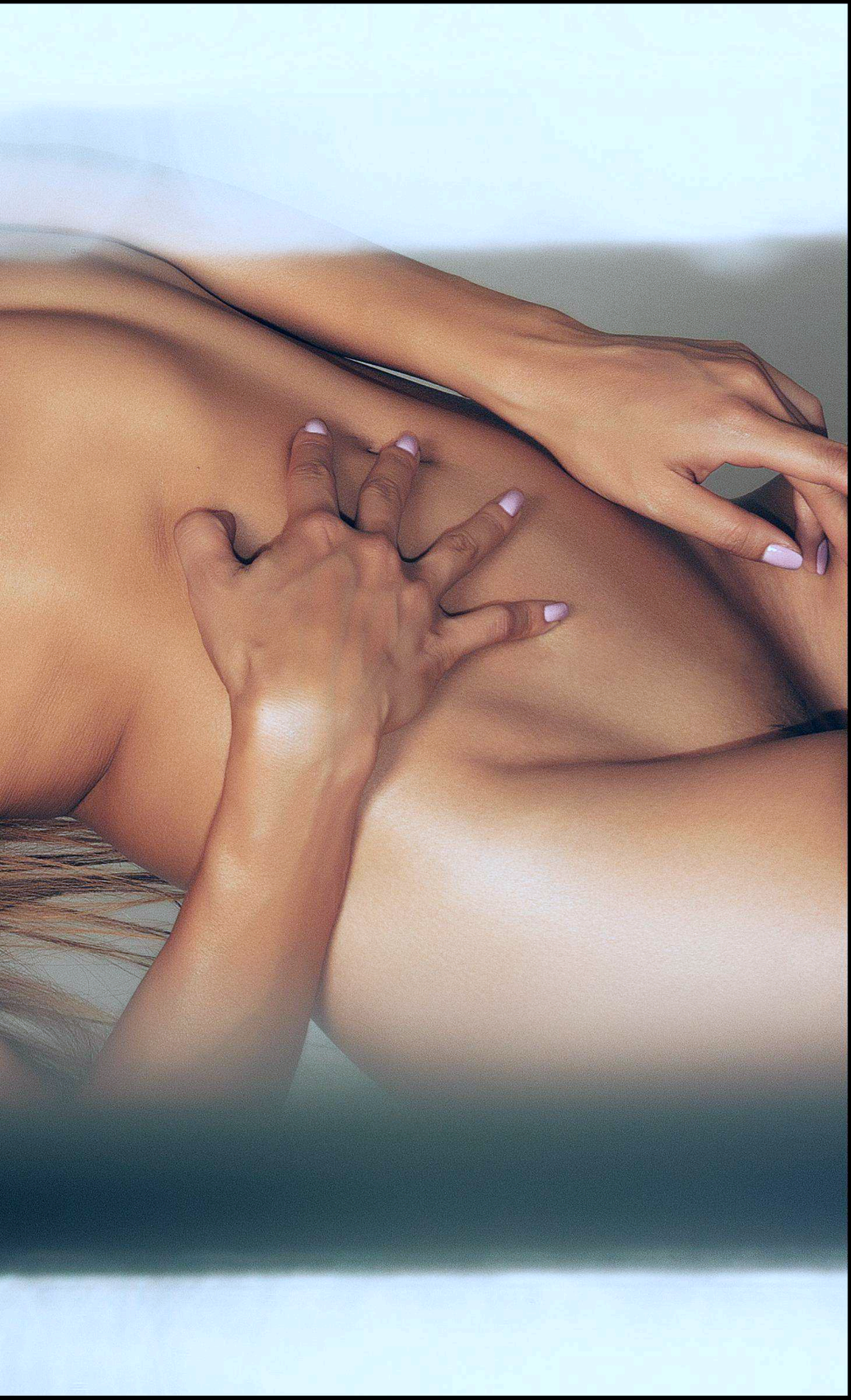
V118

⇩ TEAR HERE ⇩

⇩ TEAR HERE ⇩

PENTHOUSE

AYUMI ANIME **OCTOBER 2017 PET OF THE MONTH**



Vital Stats:

24-36-34B

27 years old

5'7"

Hometown: Kheron, Ukraine

You speak four languages: Russian, Ukrainian, French, and English. What language do you think in?

Now, I think in English. It's about time. A few years ago, I was thinking in Russian and translating, which was very hard. I always dream in Russian, though.

How does a Korean girl from the former Soviet Union end up in the U.S.?

Since I was a very young child, I have always dreamed of coming to America. When I was a little girl, I saw a video of Britney Spears and fell in love. She became my role model. She motivated me. When I saw "Baby One More Time," I just thought to myself, *I want to be there, in America in that video, and I want to be just like her.* [*Laughs*] Now, here I am. It took a long time—I only arrived here two years ago.

Has it lived up to your expectations?

Of course!

Tell us how you went from a squeaky-clean Britney fan to working in the adult industry?

I started in the mainstream [modeling industry]. I've only been in the adult industry for a few months. I'm a newbie, but I think I was born to do this. It's my nature. I got so bored of mainstream modeling. Time is everything for me, but in the mainstream modeling world they do not value your time. You waste your days with casting after casting. I decided to change course and got myself an adult agent. I always imagined myself on the cover of a magazine like *Penthouse.* I just wanted to be a beautiful sex symbol.

Were you nervous for your first scene? Fucking on-camera is worlds away from modeling.

My credo is, Be the best or nothing. I am a professional and I treated my first day on set with that same attitude.

Gotta ask. Why the "V" sculpted into your public hair?

The "V"? [*Laughs*] I thought that everyone did this! I had no idea I was the only one. Maybe it'll stand for "verified."

How did you come up with your stage name?

When I was growing up, all my friends would call me Anime. It was just my nickname. The kids in grade school called me Anime, and then when I went on to university, that new group of friends gave me the same nickname, completely independent of one another. I guess I look like a Japanese anime character.

SEE MORE OF AYUMI AT PENTHOUSE.COM

LIVE FROM THE RAVING SPHINCTER OF HISTORY

CONSERVATIVE TALK RADIO CHANGED THE WORLD BY TURNING POLITICS INTO A SPORT. BUT BY GIVING US DONALD TRUMP, HAS IT LOST AT ITS OWN GAME?

BY DREW MILLARD

THE Greater North Carolina Survival and Green Living Expo is not a gun show. It says so on a sign posted for all to see, right before you walk through the double doors of the Graham Building at the state fairgrounds in Raleigh, where the event is being held.

Ironically, the only other time I've been in this building was the time I came here for a gun show, and as I look around the exhibition hall and see booths staffed by men in camo and combat boots hawking military surplus supplies, water purification systems, bags of freeze-dried eggs that never expire, home nuclear-radiation testing equipment, knives, swords, seeds, brass knuckles, pamphlets about the New World Order, tasers, tents, and fidget spinners, I'm so overwhelmed that I nearly overlook the fact that these vendors are also selling everything that has to do with a gun except for the actual gun.

We're talking stands and grips and barrels and laser sights for any kind of firearm, holsters for discrete concealment and easy access, ammunition up the wazoo, plus body armor if you don't happen to be the one doing the shooting.

Sucking in the stale air of the convention center, I stand nearly paralyzed, unable to decide whether to ogle the booth with a sign that says "Thug Busters" or the one with a guy in a tie-dyed T-shirt demonstrating how to light a cotton ball on fire with the flint and tinder kits he's selling.

I overhear a conversation between two guys dressed like they're members of paramilitary groups, or at least would be up for selling me a gun if I paid in cash.

"Well, we know we can't trust MSNBC. Not those fuckers at CNN, neither."

"That's why I watch Fox News, man. They're the only alternative we got."

"You don't see it, brother—the alternative to bullshit's still bullshit. They all wanna tell us how bad a job Trump's doing, even though they all know he's gotten more done than any president in history. You gotta get your info somewhere else."

Welcome to the world that conservative talk radio has wrought—one defined by paranoia, extreme individualism, and the certainty that the so-called experts in the so-called mainstream media can take their so-called facts and shove them up their asses.

At this point in history, talk radio is less a format and more the basis for an entire conservative media ecosystem, laying the groundwork for everything from Fox News to Breitbart to hordes of militant alt-right virgins Periscoping live from their parents' basements.

If you've ever wondered why the terms "mainstream media" and "liberal media" seem like they're interchangeable these days, you have talk radio to thank. Before we were worried about "fake news" tipping the election to Donald Trump, we fretted that conservative talk radio's early-nineties pole-vault to ubiquity had cost the Democrats the House for the first time in 40 years. Two decades before Trump stoked anti-Hispanic sentiment by leading crowds through chants of "Build that wall!", KTSE-AM's Jeff Katz was getting himself fired for saying the government should encourage people to make day trips to the Mexican border and run over would-be illegal immigrants in exchange for free Taco Bell.

Long before Trump was trying to impose his xenophobic Muslim ban, Rush Limbaugh was responding to the 1995 Oklahoma City bombing by telling his listeners we ought to indiscriminately bomb the Middle East in retaliation—even though Timothy McVeigh, the guy who did it, turned out to be not just an American, but an avowed acolyte of the fearmongering, ass-grumbling, gun-fellating rhetoric of conservative talk radio itself.

Taken as a whole, talk radio is an infuriating and chaotic clusterfuck, an American institution that may very well be eroding itself from within—and one that just so happens to be the most fascinating thing in all of media.

■■■

I first discovered talk radio on a cross-country drive from Los

PHOTO: SHUTTERSTOCK/COM / SERGEY NIVENS

LISTENING TO TALK RADIO FOR THE FIRST TIME FEELS LIKE STEPPING INTO A SECRET WORLD, HIDDEN IN PLAIN SIGHT—AVAILABLE TO ALL, BUT SOUGHT BY FEW.

Angeles to North Carolina. America, especially the Southwest, is full of vast swaths of nowhere, just stretches of rocks and cactus and heat and landscape that's barely interesting even when you're on drugs. There might be a sign here or there or a huddle of sand-stained trailers if you're lucky, but when you're out there it's more likely you'll look every direction but down and see something close to infinity.

It's good, in the sense that spending some time out there will give you a clear sense of how minuscule and pointless our lives are in the scheme of things—plus, if you've got to piss you can just pull over and do it. It's bad, however, in the sense that if you run out of gas or your car breaks down, you've either got to wait until a sympathetic party passes by and gives you a ride somewhere, or die.

And where there are no people, there is no cellphone reception, which meant that if we got too tired to talk on the road, we ended up scanning the radio, hoping to stumble upon something interesting or at least strange enough to hold our attention.

Most of the time, you can't really pick up anything on the FM dial. The reason FM radio sounds as good as it does is that their transmitters shoot out thinly spaced but high-frequency waves that they can pack with information, so stations that tend to care about that sort of thing—i.e., the ones that play music—end up sacrificing their broadcast range in favor of sound quality. AM stations, however, don't have this problem. Their waves are spaced further apart and don't sound quite as good as a result, but if there aren't any trees or tall buildings in your way, you can pick up pretty much whatever from wherever.

And since, conveniently enough, a lone human voice doesn't need as much range to sound as good as a guitar solo or a bassline, AM stations end up broadcasting a shitload of talk radio. Faced with the choice of talk radio, FM static, or nothing, we gobbled up talk radio as if it were deep-fried manna from heaven.

Listening to talk radio for the first time feels like stepping into a secret world, hidden in plain sight—available to all, but sought by few. It's one in which feminism never happened, the government's sole purpose is pick your pocket and deposit your cash into the hands of the undeserving, and Cold War-era distrust of communism and shadowy foreigners looking to change our way of life perseveres—except now, communism has been transmuted into both the media and the Democratic Party (or as talk radio guys like to call it, the "Democrat Party"), and "boogieman" foreigners are people from the Middle East and Mexico, not Russians. A good talk radio host distills complex issues into one-liners, loaded with enough bombast and rhetorical flourish to make Shakespeare's Polonius green with envy.

While it's true that the vast majority of stations on both AM and FM are owned by a small handful of corporations, for whatever reason FM stations tend to play the same music wherever you go, while each talk radio station ends up offering a unique mix of both nationally syndicated and local hosts, loaded up in two- or three-hour programming chunks that, as a whole, give you a rough idea of the sorts of things that middle-aged white men who live within a few hundred miles of any given talk radio station like to yell about.

"Conservative talk radio is the original podcasting," says Derek Scancarelli, a former associate producer for Sirius XM who found himself assigned to Steve Bannon's Breitbart Radio show during the 2016 presidential election. "It becomes part of people's lives and their rituals."

Continues Scancarelli: "It's a weird relationship that people have with radio hosts because they feel like they know them. They feel this attachment. To them, you're not a stranger, because they listen to you every day."

One of the key ways in which this relationship manifests itself

PHOTO: SHUTTERSTOCK/COM / GUY J. SAGI

is through listeners calling in and hearing themselves live on the radio. "The call volume was nuts," Scancarelli remembers. "I'd get in the studio 45 minutes before the show started and there were already people calling in. There'd be days when people would sit on hold for three hours trying to get through, and at the end of the show they'd tell me, 'Alright, I'll call again tomorrow.'"

In Arizona, a state enamored of rugged individualism in part because the summers get so scorching no one wants to leave their air-conditioned home bubble, we stumbled across a radio host advising a caller on how to best hide his gun in his tuxedo at his sister's wedding.

Caller and host were in agreement that the sister's no-gun policy was both dangerous—what if somebody else brought a gun to the wedding?—and an egregious violation of his personal freedoms, because, duh, they put all that gun stuff in the Constitution for a reason.

The conversation focused on logistics. As cool as it would have been to stash a piece in a shoulder holster like he was James Bond, the host opined, it would never work—the outline of even a little pistol was going to poke out under that dinner jacket. Plus, it being summer in Arizona, that jacket was going to have to come off at some point. Hiding it under the tuxedo shirt was even worse, the host pointed out, because if the caller's armpits got sweaty, the shirt would get see-through, and if he actually had to use the gun all those buttons would be a "dang hassle." Pursuing his analysis, the talk radio guy suggested the cummerbund was the best strategy—its folds would absorb the outline of a gun in ways that a jacket or a shirt just couldn't do—and if the caller went online he might even be able to find a special one with a holster in it.

"CONSERVATIVE TALK RADIO" DIDN'T REALLY COHERE AS A CONCEPT UNTIL RUSH LIMBAUGH CAME ALONG IN THE 1980s.

The host could empathize. He'd dealt with a similarly boneheaded situation a while back, except he was trying to keep his weapon concealed at a funeral.

"The big thing about radio is it's regarded as the most intimate medium of mass communication," says Eric Harvey, a professor of journalism at Michigan's Grand Valley State University and scholar of media studies. "We feel like we're connected not only to the person who's talking, but to these big unseen audiences in ways that are unconscious."

To zoom out even further, listening is an intensely powerful act. We develop the ability to hear before we're even born, and back in the caveman days, our ears were our primary tools for alerting us to danger. So when someone on the radio's telling you the shit's about to go down, they're tapping into the same evolutionary instinct that once told us a rustling in the bushes signaled a saber-tooth tiger and *oh shit holy fuck* we'd better get gone before we become a meal.

* * *

The further we got into Texas, the more often we'd flip between stations and find Alex Jones—the Houston-based conspiracist and hammering heart of the InfoWars media operation—fulminating wherever we landed. It was the thick of election season, and Jones had back-burnered his investigations of lizard people sacrificing children and Obama Decepticonning America into martial-law socialism in favor of exposing the globalist conspiracy to rig the presidential election.

The same shadowy cabal behind all that other stuff was up to their old tricks again, trying to silence Donald Trump, the lone independent voice amid the bleats of the global-elite Clintonite mustache-twirlers whose masturbatory fantasies revolved around a wish to take the great American experiment out back and shoot it.

But we—the great American experiment's boldest and noblest participants—had the power to put the kibosh on the whole scheme by supporting Trump, who would close our borders, reinforce our values, and generally go about things in ways that the enlightened, freethinking, dissed-by-the-establishment listeners of InfoWars Radio would approve of.

As long as the radio has existed, there have been people, including conservative people, talking on it. But "conservative talk radio" didn't really cohere as a concept until Rush Limbaugh came along in the 1980s. Son of a small-time Missouri Republican politician, Limbaugh started off as a conventional rock radio DJ, occasionally going by the name "Bachelor Jeff," and had put in time working for the Kansas City Royals.

But he came into his own in 1984 with a talk radio show on Sacramento's KFBK, where he combined his conservative sensibilities with the habitual line-crossing of zany but apolitical "shock jocks" such as Don Imus and Howard Stern. For better or worse, Limbaugh was unlike anything anyone had ever heard before: He delivered snarky, doom-tinged monologues decrying feminism, environmentalism, communism, elitism, and pretty much every other "ism" you could throw at him, packed with an oratorical mastery that brought to mind a young Orson Welles. By 1988, he'd relocated to New York and become a national star.

It's hard to communicate how much impact Limbaugh had on talk radio. A dynamic performer—his biographer Ze'ev Chafets once compared discovering Rush to the first time he watched Elvis on TV—Limbaugh influenced every conservative radio talker to come after him (and if you listen closely, you can hear pretty much every Republican near a microphone biting at least one element of his style). Conservative talk radio stations themselves were literally forged in Rush Limbaugh's image.

In 1992, Seattle's 570 KVI switched from oldies to an all-talk format and began airing Limbaugh's syndicated, increasingly popular show—in part because no other station in the area had picked him up yet. Though KVI had shows across the political spectrum, they quickly realized that people would tune in to hear Limbaugh, then flip to something else after he stopped ranting. So, KVI did what any rational station would do—they jettisoned all the hosts who didn't talk about stuff the way Limbaugh talked about it, and found new hosts who did. Thereafter, numerous talk radio stations that wanted to stay in business followed suit. So when Limbaugh cracks that his talent is "on loan from God," he's only half-joking.

No matter where you are, a few voices on the AM dial are constant. There's Limbaugh, who at this point has survived drug addiction, deafness, and the eight-year health hazard (for him) that was the presidency of Barack Obama.

There's Glenn Beck, the honey-voiced ideological migrant who comes off like a cross between a dorky high school civics teacher and a Borscht Belt comic. There's Sean Hannity, America's Dad-Who-Wished-He'd-Joined-the-Marines-But-Now-Takes-His-Rageful-Shame-Out-on-His-Kids-in-Chief.

You've also got the monotony of personal finance guru Dave Ramsey, and the kookiness of George Noory, whose late-night show "Coast to Coast AM" is dedicated to all things paranormal and otherwise unexplainable.

Beyond these ubiquitous voices, you're left with a motley array of shock jocks, neocons, libertarians, populists, pragmatists, preachers, insiders, outsiders, rogue academics, cultural crusaders, war hawks, skeptics and true believers of all stripes, plus wonks both charismatic and boring, and an occasional liberal.

Though it can be a challenge to get hard numbers on talk radio's audience, a 2013 report from *Talkers Magazine* found that 81 percent of talk radio listeners identify as either conservative or libertarian, and that 79 percent of them had voted in the 2012 presidential election.

Another study, conducted in 2014 by the Pew Research Center for Journalism and Media, found that the further right a person's political leanings, the more likely they were to listen to talk radio, and that a majority of people who identified as "consistently liberal" distrusted talk radio's Big Three of Limbaugh, Beck, and Hannity (not that they'd care).

The fact that talk radio is relegated to an old-school, somewhat forgotten medium, technologically speaking, jibes perfectly with the self-image its listeners have.

"I think of conservative talk radio as a virtual town hall meeting for people who feel like their voices have been excluded from the political process," says libertarian economist Michael Munger, who teaches political science, public policy, and economics at Duke University. "A lot of poor people feel scorned by the arrogance of the Democratic establishment saying, 'We don't think people are able to make their own choices, but if you vote for us, we'll give you other people's money.' People don't want money, they want jobs and a sense of purpose."

Indeed, with the mainstream wing of the Democratic Party more concerned with cozying up to the tech industry than saving the millions of blue-collar jobs being "disrupted" by automation—not to mention its gravitation toward the political center in ways that alienate or even abandon pretty much anybody who's not a straight white dude who went to college—it's hard to tell what the Democratic leadership even stands for at this point, other than opposition to Trump.

One-note anti-Trumpism, meanwhile, plays perfectly into the hands of conservative talk radio, says Munger. As he puts it: "The scorn of the left unifies the right." Moreover, talk radio "offers community and meaning. It's an impoverished version of these things, but listeners feel like, 'I have a personal relationship with this host. He's right there in my radio. I like him.' He's telling you what you already thought, even if you didn't actually think it."

From a business perspective, the reactionary, provocative style of conservative talk radio is uniquely suited to the game talk radio stations are trying to play.

"A lot of times, people will punch over to your station, and they stay for a bit because they want to hear the traffic and weather reports," Munger points out. "You have to hook them past that break. That's the game—and if you can piss them off enough, they'll call in, and probably stay through the commercials, too. That's how stations make money."

In conversation, Michael Munger—who's written on everything from the sharing economy to prohibition, and has also supervised democratic elections in Chile, received an NAACP Image Award, and run for governor of North Carolina—speaks with an air of potent authority, as if simply by allowing a statement to travel from his brain and out into the world, it's been rendered objectively true. His ability to project this vibe, along with his booming voice, contrarian bent, and boyish enthusiasm, makes him an ideal talk radio guest. He's appeared on both right-wing shows and NPR, written for Rush Limbaugh's newsletter, and occasionally hosts a show of his own on WPTF, a Raleigh-based station that largely eschews syndicated stars in favor of local personalities.

"Whenever I host a show, without any pressure, I'm completely tired afterwards," he says, adding that, from a host's perspective, knowing a lot about current events or policy minutiae doesn't necessarily help keep the audience engaged. "If you're not entertaining," observes Munger, "you're going to fail. It doesn't matter how much you know about the news. In fact, if you say something incorrect, listeners will probably call in."

The secret to talk radio's popularity is the way it turns politics into a sport. Instead of caring only about the issues that affect themselves, listeners are encouraged to root for their team—the Republican Party. Your team "wins" either by making themselves look good or making the Democrat(ic) Party look bad. This mindset encourages intense loyalty among listeners, as well as some ideological flexibility. Just as Bay Area basketball fans are going

PHOTO: SHUTTERSTOCK.COM / LIGHTSPRING

to pull for the Golden State Warriors regardless of who wears the uniform, talk radio listeners are going to support the R's no matter what they say they believe.

Similarly, when someone like Limbaugh or Hannity criticizes Republican senators for struggling to repeal and replace the Affordable Care Act, they want listeners to switch parties about as much as the Warriors' broadcast team would want fans to start rooting for the Lakers just because Steph Curry had a few bad games.

■■■

With Donald Trump, America has found its talk radio president. In addition to possessing a tenuous grasp of the issues or the very structure of government, his macho, in-your-face rhetorical style—full of catchphrases, put-downs, and vague notions of "winning" and "losing"—is straight from the talk radio playbook.

Meanwhile, Trump's vice president, Mike Pence, hosted an Indiana talk radio show in the nineties, billing himself as "Rush Limbaugh on decaf."

And according to Derek Scancarelli, who worked under Steve Bannon shortly before Bannon left Breitbart to join the Trump campaign, Bannon's show on Sirius XM was the firebrand's main focus.

"He probably had money coming from a hundred different places, but as far as him needing to be somewhere every day, that show was his job," Scancarelli tells me. "To me, it's not surprising that people on the outside didn't see the whole thing coming, because there were days I'd come home from work myself and be like, 'These are the guys who think they're gonna change the fucking world?' The way they talked about their impact was crazy. But before I knew it, Bannon was running Trump's campaign."

> **"TRUMP HAS BEEN ALMOST PERFECT FOR TALK RADIO BECAUSE OF THIS CONTINUING SERIES OF MINOR AND MAJOR MISTAKES THAT GIVE YOU A CHANCE TO DEBATE ABOUT WHETHER HE'S ANY GOOD OR NOT."**

It's fitting, then, that talk radio is reaping the benefits of a Trump presidency. The industry often sees a ratings spike before an election, only to have it drop off once voting's over. But according to Nielsen data, talk radio ratings actually rose once Trump took office. And they've remained higher than average as The Donald proceeded to transform the White House into a multimedia meta-reality show, stuffed to the gills with monumental fuck-ups, constantly shifting alliances and double-crosses, the possibility of weird sex stuff, and the specter of international espionage.

Here's Michael Munger: "Trump has been almost perfect for talk radio because of this continuing series of minor and major mistakes that give you a chance to debate about whether he's any good or not. It gets continuously reinvigorated by Trump turning everything into, 'Oh, it's just a witch hunt.'"

All the controversy and drama has almost been enough to obscure the fact that during Trump's months in office, his administration has ramped up violent raids on undocumented immigrants, kicked the drug war into overdrive, made it easier for corporations to screw their employees out of benefits, and targeted the elderly by making it virtually impossible to sue old folks' homes for mistreatment.

Oh yeah, and his air strikes against ISIS are on pace to kill twice as many civilians in a year as Obama did in two. This is genuinely tragic stuff, and it should tell everyone who hasn't had a hole drilled in their head that Trump is as dangerous as a James Bond villain. But because it's more fun to argue about the merits of an adult baby flailing around the Oval Office than it is to assess the damage he's done, The Donald has inadvertently provided himself with the perfect political smokescreen.

"I'm not sure it's an act on Trump's part," Munger comments. "He really does see himself as an outsider, even though he's the goddamn president."

■■■

But like Frankenstein's monster turning on its creator, Trump himself may prove to be talk radio's undoing. His presidency has prompted shock waves of outrage on the left, and liberal commentators such as Rachel Maddow and Keith Olbermann are now floating outlandish theories about Trump's ties to Russia, displaying a sectarian disregard for evidence and accuracy that once was the exclusive domain of the AM dial.

And Trump's victory—as well as Hillary Clinton's flaccid centrism—has enabled a surge of far-left podcasters who flout political correctness and decorum while bashing both the establishment and the mainstream media with a brashness that would even make Rush Limbaugh proud (though he'd never admit it). It's possible that by offering something that ports the style and attitude of conservative talk radio to TV and the internet, the far left may be able to build up a base of hyper-partisan support rivaling the one that the far right had in the early nineties.

Perhaps the clearest sign that Trump may kill the medium that spawned him, though, comes from within the conservative radiosphere itself.

In the wake of Trump's victory, conservative radio host Charlie Sykes took to the airwaves of his Milwaukee home station WTMJ to give himself and his peers a good old-fashioned verbal ass-kicking.

"I've long thought the alternative media was a positive development that would counter the mainstream media monopoly," Sykes told his listeners. "Only this year you go, 'Okay, what have we done?' We've created this monster." Shortly after he delivered his mea culpa, Sykes left his show for good.

A few weeks later, it was announced that Sykes would be hosting a new show—this time on the decidedly non-conservative NPR, and would appear with a range of journalists across the ideological spectrum. The show's goal? To work on healing the divisions caused by the 2016 election—a mission almost diametrically opposed to the one pursued by Sykes's former cohort of shit-stirrers and rabble-rousers. And this new show's name? "Indivisible."

Maybe, just maybe, the way to vanquish talk radio and stave off the Trumpocalypse isn't by beating them at their own game, but refusing to play it. This doesn't mean trying to scold its fans into oblivion, nor does it mean carrying on with business as usual, because if you look around, it's pretty damn clear that stuff isn't working. Instead it would mean going out of our way to learn about the things we don't understand, even the things we fear, and meeting people whose problems are worlds away from our own.

In the end, the route to a more hopeful, responsible America may just be through doing what talk radio wants us to do the most: to listen.

Drew Millard is a freelance writer living in Durham, North Carolina. His work has appeared in VICE, The Guardian, Hazlitt, and many other publications. Follow him @drewmillard

TEAMWORK

ONE COMEDIAN'S ARGUMENTS AGAINST WHAT WE WERE TAUGHT TO BELIEVE.

BY JOE DEROSA

"There is no 'I' in team."–*Anonymous (but probably some sports asshole)*

MY earliest sports-related memory is from when I was five or six years old and I joined my school's intramural soccer team. My second sports-related memory is that I was terrible at soccer. My third sports-related memory is of the elation I felt when I quit soccer. No more after-school practices, watching the sunlight and my precious out-of-school hours slowly fade away. No more numb toes and fingers from the wickedly damp Pennsylvania wind. And best of all, no more teammates. I could fly solo now and do my own thing. Their goals–literal or figurative–no longer mattered.

DOESN'T IT SEEM THAT IN A SOPHISTICATED CULTURE, EVERY TIME CLUMPS OF PEOPLE GET TOGETHER TO PURSUE ONE COMMON GOAL, REGARDLESS OF INTENTION, THINGS GET UGLY?

Thus came my first unconscious realization that I didn't give a fuck about a team or a team mentality. The whole "join the soccer team" rap was presented to us kids under the guise of innocent fun. But I remember almost immediately sensing a rat. It didn't sit right with me when the jerk-off coach would say, "Let's go out there and win! As a team!" Even as a kid, I got the feeling that meant, "The eleven best of you will play! And the rest of you that suck–be team players and go sit on the bench!" It also became quickly and painfully apparent that when a skilled player said, "Go team!" he was really just saying, "Go me!" So why would I have assisted any of these people in achieving their greater interests when they didn't give a shit about my immediate ones? They were after ribbons and trophies. I just wanted to have some innocent fun.

So there was the rub. Big deal, right? Some kids played soccer, I got to play Nintendo instead. I'm not complaining. But as each year passed, it seemed another team would appear, rearing its shifty head while claiming to have the best of intentions. First came Cub Scouts, then Boy Scouts. High school brought student council and varsity sports and extracurricular clubs. In college the social groups and student associations stumped around campus. And finally, in adulthood, the big dogs showed up: political parties, professional organizations, religious congregations, and AA.

Believe me when I tell you, I've dipped my toe into just about every one of those cesspools, always finding the same results: The team loves you to play for them, so long as you help produce for them, and you can only do that by winning or sitting on the bench. The Republicans and Democrats don't want visionaries, they want suitable candidates. Business doesn't want innovators, it wants company men. The priesthood doesn't want bright kids on the straight and narrow, they want straight kids whose brains are narrow.

As far as I'm concerned, there's only one circumstance where literal teamwork is truly worthwhile: survival in extreme conditions. If your plane crashes and you're suddenly living in a remote forest with (as far as you know) the twelve remaining people on Earth, fine, stick together. Hunt, gather, reproduce for the good of the clan. But once you graduate to any sort of organized society, that group shit needs to go out the window. Doesn't it seem that in a sophisticated culture, every time clumps of people get together to pursue one common goal, regardless of intention, things get ugly? Occupy Wall Street was a good idea, backed by a great intention, unless you were one of the lower Manhattan shop owners who couldn't open for business due to the leagues of bongo players blocking your storefront door. And if you mentioned that fact to an Occupier–which I did, many times–they always had the same response: "We need to think about the greater

PHOTO: SHUTTERSTOCK.COM / VECTORFUSIONART

interest." Doesn't that sound familiar? Seems to me every time the "big picture" starts being mentioned, the little people start getting fucked. I don't care how righteous the cause is, blood of some kind will be spilled.

We seem to think that we've somehow progressed beyond the point of making boneheaded blunders on behalf of a team. Well, that's what every "civilized" culture prior to us thought, too. And they fucked up. Royally. Look at the Salem witch trials. They didn't take place that long ago—just over 300 years. Dial the clock back to a time when people had already concocted the telescope, a human-powered submarine, and an early method for blood transfusion, and you can find a group—of supposedly educated men no less—whose singular goal was to boil, burn, and drown women. And these people scoffed at, or murdered, anyone who questioned their motives. And here we are in 2017, full of confidence that we've transcended the idiocy of witch-hunters with our forward-thinking, progressive pursuits, all while ignoring the fact that there exists the KKK, NAMBLA, and people who still believe in witches.

So as Mr. Pink famously said in *Reservoir Dogs,* "Fuck sides! What we need here is a little solidarity." I say, "Fuck teams! What need is a few more 'I's!"

It's not about the right versus the left. It's not about the spiritual versus the secular. It's not about Wall Street versus Main Street. It's about us versus them. Who am I, who are you, and are we fighting the same fight? There are cops that help the community and cops that bust heads for fun. There are lawyers that fight for civil rights and ambulance-chasing pieces of shit that carry neck braces in their briefcases. There are reporters that should be allowed to defiantly speak out in the White House press room and bloggers whose online rants should have them in Guantanamo Bay. Looking at any one of these groups through an all-or-nothing lens is just stupid. Stupid as a witch trial. Stupid as me trying to play soccer.

And by the way, when all hell finally does break loose—and it will—and angry mobs are patrolling your neighborhood, torches blazing and pitchforks swinging, who do you think is going have your back then? It won't be a party you registered with, I can guarantee you that. It'll be your neighbors. Not the institutions or committees or clubs. Your neighbors will be the ones that will help you…that is if you didn't piss them off at some dinner party by claiming you were in the morally correct group and they, in fact, were not. The only thing more alienating than an asinine statement about your own team's value is an asinine joke about your own team perspective. For instance: "There's no 'I' in team but there sure is an M and an E!" I don't know who first cracked that dumb fucking zinger, but, again, it was probably some sports asshole.

Joe DeRosa is an L.A.-based comedian, writer, director, and actor (Better Call Saul and Louie). His stand-up specials and albums can be found online, as well as his two podcasts, "We'll See You in Hell" and "Emotional Hangs." Follow him @joederosacomedy

ASK FABER

BY STEVE FABER

I'M in a horrifyingly boring relationship with a guy that's going nowhere. How do I get out of it with the least amount of emotional pain?
—Vivienne S., Olympia, Washington

Great question, Viv, and one I get often. First some basics.

Your relationship is, as you say, "going nowhere." Where did you expect it to go? Studies show (these studies are out there, I promise, but don't compel me to cite them; it's not going to happen) that an overwhelming number of relationships (in the 99.9 percent ballpark) "go nowhere." What this essentially means is that they all go to the same place. You stay together, eat together, travel together, watch the same stupid shit on TV, maybe have or adopt a kid or two, watch them grow up, and the whole "circle of life" thing kicks in. You and your partner spend the vast majority of that time rationalizing your boredom. You both start babbling metaphor retreads about your relationship, referring to it as a "safety net" or a "comfort zone," which you assure your friends are the reasons that "make it work."

In other words, you're lying. To yourself, to your friends, to each other. The minuscule percentage of relationships that "go somewhere" (studies available) involve spies who don't know their mate is also a spy, husband-and-wife bank robbers, or a coupling of international jewel thieves. In other words, there's something huge at stake. In the average relationship, the 99.9 percent, there's nothing at stake… except the relationship. In any event, I'll assume you're neither a spy, a bank robber, or a thief. Let's move on.

THE MINUSCULE PERCENTAGE OF RELATIONSHIPS THAT "GO SOMEWHERE" INVOLVE SPIES WHO DON'T KNOW THEIR MATE IS ALSO A SPY, HUSBAND-AND-WIFE BANK ROBBERS, OR A COUPLING OF INTERNATIONAL JEWEL THIEVES.

Next, we need to have an honesty check. You want this relationship to end with the "least amount of emotional pain." Whose pain? You describe the relationship as "horrifyingly boring." So unless you're completely bloated with self-loathing, you're not talking about yourself, you're not really talking about the relationship, you're talking about HIM. He's horrifyingly boring and he will never take this relationship to that mythical place, that love- and passion-infused nirvana you see in your favorite romantic dramas. (As an aside, and with some experience in this area, I can tell you that's why these movies are made: to take you OUT of reality and place you in a utopia of bliss. If everyone's relationship was a love- and passion-infused nirvana there would be no need to go see the films. You'd be living it. You're not.)

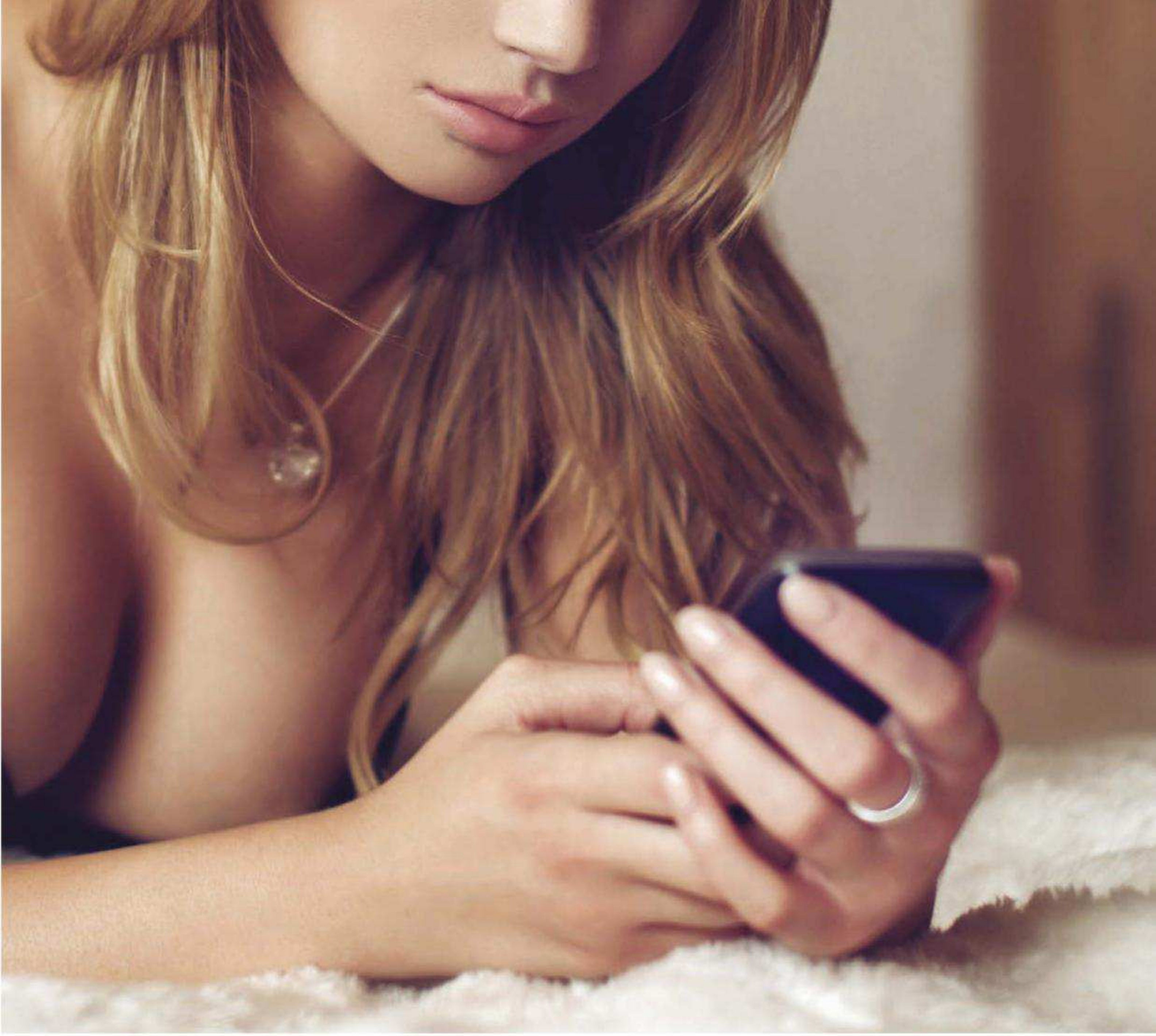
So, be honest, Viv. You're going to bail on this relationship and you don't really give a shit about his emotional pain. He's a dullard and it's his fault that this thing you have with him never took you anywhere. So fuck him. He's not going to suffer, right? He's a bot. And since you've started taking your pulse and begun to realize you're in a relationship demi-coma, you're not going to feel emotional pain either. So what you're really asking me, Viv, is how you blow up this dull relationship without an explosion, without shrapnel, with the least amount of hassle and perhaps the microgram of guilt you may feel (but probably don't because he's such an idiot).

By far the easiest way to avoid the hassle is not by leaving him, rather by manipulating him into leaving you. I know that sounds somewhat harsh, but, look, the results are going to be the same, except you're not the bad guy (or girl) when it comes time to divvy up friends during the relationship postmortem.

Assuming you're living together, I would suggest you start buying extra pieces of luggage. When he asks why, your answer should be a simple, "Oh, I don't know." And leave it there. Ask him questions about the things you purchased together. For example, that tapestry you really love: "Hey, I really love that tapestry, does it mean a lot to you?" When he asks you why, your answer should be a simple, "Oh, I don't know."

In fact, that should be your answer to every question he asks, because you're in the "sowing the seeds of doubt" stage of the manipulative breakup. You'll know when this stage ends, because you will be able to recognize that perplexed "what the fuck is going on here?" look in his eyes. Time to bring in the heavy artillery.

PHOTO: SHUTTERSTOCK.COM / SAKKMESTERKE



Start leaving undeniable clues as to your feelings, "accidentally" accessible to him. The best bet is the diary.

Even if you don't keep a diary, go out, buy one, and rip out the first few pages to make it look like you were hiding something. Then start writing. Begin with things like: "Oh my fucking God, is this going to be my whole life???" And: "I'm so bored, I'm starting to check out really tall buildings to jump off." Devote a few long sentences to a mythical man that has all the qualities your current one does not. "I wish [whatever your guy's name is, let's say Jim] had the drive and passion of Jack." Then scratch out the name Jack, pretending to be afraid that Jim will "by chance" come across your diary, which is exactly your plan, as you're going to leave it in plain sight…by "accident." But stay innocent regarding your affection for Jack (his name crossed out). "If Jim had half the drive of XXXX, maybe this would work." Some more diary entries, then leave it open to whatever page you left off on, in the kitchen, next to the toilet, wherever Jim is certain to find it.

You don't have to do the "I'll be working late again" thing. That will only prolong this misery. Trust me, between the speculative dividing up of your mutual belongings, the luggage, and the diary, Jim will be out of there in a heartbeat. Of course you'll have the obligatory, "Is everything okay with us?" Q&A night. And, again, leave things at, "Oh, I don't know." Then one last diary entry after that: "Jim made me discuss our relationship last night! What an asshole! XXXX would never do that!" Jim finds that and he's gone. He's left you, you remain the good girl in this scenario, and you get to keep the tapestry. Because Jim is, indeed, an asshole.

Steve Faber is a screenwriter whose credits include Wedding Crashers and We're the Millers. He also created the acclaimed blog "Washingwood" for the Huffington Post.

STRAPPED

BY JENNY NORDBAK

I’LL never forget my first time. It was phenomenal. Not my first time having sex with a guy—because let’s be honest, that particular experience for most of us falls somewhere on a spectrum between mediocre and awkward. I mean the first time I got to fuck someone with a strap-on. The first time I got to feel the addictive rush of bending someone over and hearing her moan as I pressed deep inside her.

While working at the dungeon, I began to discover some of my own fetishes by getting to explore what my clients were into. Sometimes something unexpected would turn out to be my obsession for months to come, but I rarely got to fulfill my own favorite fetish since it was against the rules.

I may not have gotten to unleash my strongest desire with my clients, but in my coworkers I found a tribe of unapologetically sexually adventurous women who were always up to no good once they were off the clock. When I revealed that I had penis envy but had never used a strap-on, my coworker Raven vowed to rectify the situation. She announced she would be hosting an impromptu strap-on party at her place after work and began to spread the word within the scene. Game on.

The party was immediate enough that I didn’t have time to get nervous and overthink it. I’m such a planner that I probably would have been watching strap-on porn and taking notes to prepare and then been terrified to make a mistake when it came time to do the deed.

Despite being employed at a dungeon, I was still an innocent compared to the rest of the partygoers, but I tried to play it cool and act like I had seen it all before. I thought I was doing a pretty good job of blending in until Raven turned down the music and told everyone to gather round for the main event.

I shifted toward the center of the apartment and peered over at Raven, excited to see someone get fucked, only to find Raven looking directly at me, waving a strap-on harness with a knowing smirk.

“Scarlett has never fucked anyone before and desperately wants to stick her dick in someone. Any volunteers?”

I was blushing so intensely that people must have thought that’s where my name had come from. When most of the room volunteered, I had no idea how I was going to pick. Did I want my first time to be with a man or a woman?

A soft voice from behind me said, “I’m a strap-on virgin, too. Why don’t we pop our cherries together?”

I turned to find Lily, a fellow submissive from the dungeon, smiling at me eagerly. She was a petite but curvy blonde whom I had only worked with a few times.

“Perfect,” I said, returning her smile and feigning confidence. “Let’s do it.”

I could feel the anticipation of the crowd build as we both stripped down. I was delighted to discover that Raven’s harness had suspenders built in, another one of my strange fetishes. Raven helped me step into the harness and get the straps adjusted correctly around my hips and thighs. As I looked down to see a massive, rock-hard dick sticking out, I was amused to be reminded of the first time I’d carried a gun. I felt powerful and masculine.

By the time I was ready, Lily was completely naked on all fours, peering over her shoulder at me as she arched her back in invitation. I stepped forward and could almost hear the people around me holding their breath as my dick brushed against her plump ass. There was so much expectation that I felt like I should just go for it and thrust into her right away, but that wouldn’t be fulfilling for either of us. We may have had an audience, but I didn’t want our first time to just be for show.

I grabbed my cock and ran it softly along her slick folds until I found her clit. I ground against that bundle of nerves until she was panting and pushing back against me. Instead of giving her what she was begging for, I slid my middle finger into her pussy, reveling in the wet heat and the way she moaned as I stroked her G spot and her clit together. From the way she eventually began to writhe and clench, I thought I could make her come, but didn’t want that to happen until my dick was buried inside her.

I pulled my finger out and replaced it with the head of my cock, rocking forward an inch at a time. I was pacing myself, savoring the visual of slowly driving into her, but Lily was finished with being teased. She slammed back against me, pushing my dick in all the way to the base. I wanted her to get off, but didn’t want to block my view by leaning over her to access her clit. Raven seemed to anticipate my conundrum and reached under Lily with a vibrator. The moment it made contact, she began to ride my cock so hard that all I had to do was brace myself and enjoy the view.

She didn’t last long before she tensed and came with a guttural groan. She was no longer on all fours, but lying with her chest on the ground and her ass in the air. She was panting and tossing her head from side to side in delight. I gave her a minute to catch her breath, but when she started to rise, I pushed her shoulders firmly back onto the floor. It was my turn now.

Raven turned the vibrator back up, and I started to thrust into Lily in powerful, punishing strokes. It was a foreign motion at first, but I quickly found a rhythm and got caught up in the moment. As I watched her come again and again while I hammered into her, I knew I would never forget my first time.

Jenny Nordbak is a retired dominatrix and author of The Scarlett Letters: My Secret Year of Men in an L.A. Dungeon.

PHOTO: SHUTTERSTOCK.COM / WALLENROCK

PHOTO: GETTYIMAGES.COM / ANADOLU AGENCY

DIRTY DANCING WITH SAUDI ARABIA

A TRUE TALE OF TERROR, FAITH, AND MONEY.

BY JEFF KAMEN

LET'S begin on a day 30 years ago.

After months of negotiations through intermediaries, a terrorist-group leader who had been receiving secret payments from the government of Saudi Arabia for decades invited me to interview him in Tunis, the shining capital of Tunisia, a beautiful North African country on the Mediterranean Sea, 325 air miles from Rome. In ancient times, Tunis was called Carthage. Great military adventurers were among its sons, including Hannibal, who failed to overthrow the Roman Empire despite the 37 war elephants under his command.

More than 2,000 years after Hannibal's defeat, I arrived in Tunis hoping for better luck than he had. The signs were pretty good. My flights from the U.S. and Italy had been shockingly punctual. Since my interview with the terrorist commander was still a few hours away, I decided to leave the Hilton and go for a jog. On my way to the main road, I waved to the big cop with the assault rifle stationed in a sentry box near the top of the hotel drive. He didn't look happy as he took in this obvious Westerner setting out in running shorts, T-shirt, baseball cap, and Nikes. A bit out of it from jetlag, I shrugged it off and continued on.

It was a nice day and it felt good to get some exercise after being cooped up on airplanes for a dozen hours. I fell into my usual running rhythm. I was thinking about how cool it was going to be to get this interview for my book, *Final Warning: Averting Disaster in the New Age of Terrorism*. I was not thinking about kidnapping, about how I'd be an easy grab for bad guys with the guts to do an impromptu snatch. And so at first I didn't notice the small panel truck with the three guys in the front seat, scoping me out.

After a while, running wakes up your brain, including your situational awareness. About a mile out from the hotel, I spotted the truck and realized I had seen it before. This made no sense because cars had been barreling past me. Why would I have seen it twice? As traffic slowed for a stoplight, the guy in the truck's front passenger seat was clearly sizing me up. Suddenly, I realized something was wrong. I realized I was in danger. The fun run was over. Now it was time to run for my life.

I sprinted across four lanes of traffic and ran as fast as I could in the direction of the hotel. My lungs were on fire. I didn't look back to see if the truck was on my tail. I just knew it was. As soon as I turned into the hotel drive, I yelled for help in French. *"Aide, moi! Aide, moi!"* The cop came out of his sentry shack. I pointed back toward the truck, which was bearing down on me from 50 yards away. "Assassins!" I shouted. "Assassins!"

The cop shouldered his assault rifle and pointed it at the guys in the truck, ready to open fire if they didn't stop. It was obvious they were not geniuses. They had no idea the cop was there. The truck was so close to me now, I could see the driver's eyes. They were filled with fear.

The driver slammed on the truck's brakes, spun the vehicle around, and burned rubber getting out of there, narrowly missing another vehicle on the hotel road. Once they were gone, the cop put his weapon down and gave me the kind of look you reserve for a complete fool who ruins your day. An arrogant, mindless American who just had to go jogging in freaking Tunis. I owed him my life. I shouted thanks but he ignored me. A few minutes after I got back to my room, the phone rang. The master terrorist was ready to see me. A car with a contact would come and I'd get a call from the front desk.

An hour later, I had finally shaken off the adrenaline. I was equipped for the interview, carrying two tape recorders and three cameras. I was expecting a drive into the desert in a windowless van or with my eyes blindfolded. Instead we drove less than 15 minutes to a large, elegant building near a row of embassies. Before I was allowed to enter, security people went through my gear and then carefully patted me down for weapons.

Inside, my contact—the terrorist's press assistant—pointed to a thickly cushioned red Victorian couch and said, "Sit down, please, right there." Then he disappeared into a nearby office. A short time later, I heard the voices of several men inside this office shouting in Arabic. Suddenly, an angry-looking guy holding a

Ba'ta'clan
Café

A WOMAN STANDS IN FRONT OF A COMMEMORATIVE PLAQUE AND FLOWERS IN FRONT OF THE BATACLAN CONCERT HALL IN PARIS ON NOVEMBER 13, 2016.

FOR THE PAST 30 YEARS, SAUDI ARABIA HAS BEEN PLAYING THE REST OF THE WORLD FOR FOOLS—SANCTIMONIOUSLY OPPOSING TERRORISM IN PUBLIC STATEMENTS WHILE COVERTLY FUNDING IT ACROSS THE PLANET.

Czech-made Škorpion 7.65mm machine pistol ran from a corridor into the room. He was gripping a weapon that could, with a single trigger pull, fire ten bullets in under two seconds. But it wasn't so much the weapon. It was the man's right index finger that got my very focused attention. It was inside the trigger guard.

My combat-pistol training says you never put your finger inside that metal ring unless you intend to squeeze the trigger and open fire—probably soon. And so for the second time that day, my adrenaline spiked and pumped up my awareness. Moments later I recognized a voice—a famous one—belonging to one of the men bellowing inside the room. It was the man I'd come to interview.

The guy with the Škorpion hurried out of the room. Immediately after that, my contact—a young guy who'd come to the hotel to get me—ran out of the office to where I now stood with my camera bags, ready for whatever came next. Shaken, he shouted into my face, "Sorry! You must get out now. Now!" Pointing to the door, the PR guy looked like he was on the edge of tears. "No interview! That bastard Assad is shelling our people in the Bourj el-Barajneh camp!"

The Assad shelling innocent Palestinians in a Lebanese refugee camp was Hafez al-Assad, Syria's then brutal dictator and father of Bashar al-Assad, the current Syrian dictator and chemical weapons-wielding war criminal. The master terrorist who had invited me to interview him was Yasir Arafat, one of the fathers of modern terror and a long-time recipient of billions in covert and public aid from Saudi Arabia. Arafat died more than a decade ago. Saudi kings have come and gone. But since that tense and frightening day in Tunis, Saudi global influence has only grown as the world's appetite for energy escalates.

For the past 30 years, Saudi Arabia has been playing the rest of the world for fools—sanctimoniously opposing terrorism in public statements while covertly funding it across the planet. Some of that money came from your wallet courtesy of the gas you put in your car. The Saudi royal family, its government, and the family's wealthy friends have also been bankrolling radical clerics and free religious schools, madrassas, where the poisonous doctrine of radical Islamic terrorism gets incubated. Its roots are in Saudi Arabia and the country's official religion—Wahhabi Sunni Islam.

The Western world's long dependence on Saudi oil has immunized the Kingdom from any serious consequences for its blood-soaked double-dealing. For more than 50 years, U.S. presidents have turned a blind eye to Saudi behavior. Today, much of the power in the Kingdom is in the hands of its new crown prince, Mohammed bin Salman, a charismatic, aggressive, quick-witted 31-year-old. Known in the region by his initials—MBS—bin Salman is the Saudi leader directly responsible for the brutal bombing of the people of Yemen. The Yeminis are caught in the middle of a religion-based civil conflict that's become a proxy war between Saudi Arabia and its regional rival, Iran. The two countries practice different brands of Islam—brands that have been in conflict for centuries. Though no American troops are involved, the U.S. is supporting the Saudi side in other ways.

American-built bombs dropped from Saudi-flown, American-made planes have already killed a gruesome number of innocent children, women, and men. The destruction triggered a horrific cholera outbreak and the beginning of a famine that could kill hundreds of thousands in Yemen, the poorest nation in the Middle East. That the Saudi Air Force targets innocents in Yemen should come as no surprise. Its absolute commander, MBS, is uninterested in where his bombs land so long as he perceives victory ahead.

MBS was raised to rule and to protect the life of royal privilege.

PHOTO: GETTYIMAGES.COM / JOEL SAGET / STAFF

His treatment of the press trying to cover the Yemen war is emblematic of a dictatorial bent. On MBS's command—he was the Saudi defense minister before being named crown prince—journalists have been blocked from entering Yemen. Despite that ban, some pictures of the atrocities are getting out.

At the same time, the U.S. Air Force is continuing to refuel Saudi fighter bombers, giving them more time over their targets. The U.S. isn't pulling any triggers, but it's facilitating the Saudis who are. The civilian death toll in Yemen is certain to create a generation that will have survivors primed for radicalization and for taking action against the Saudis and their ally—the United States.

Meanwhile, American pilots and crews may decide they can no longer be a party to these war crimes. They are taught in U.S. military academies to refuse to carry out orders which they regard as crimes against humanity. Reuters reported last year that U.S. State Department lawyers had concerns that America could be implicated in Saudi war crimes. As a result of the information coming out of Yemen, I would not be surprised if some of America's pilots say "No thanks" to further midair refueling missions supporting the Saudi air war. And though MBS views news reporting like this article and the work of heroic photojournalists inside Yemen worrisome enough to restrict coverage where he can, his knowledge of ongoing civilian deaths in Yemen has not changed Saudi bombing.

■ ■ ■

Donald Trump, according to his biographer, Harry Hurt III, remembers his late father telling him over and over again, "You're a king. You're a killer. You're a king. You're a killer." Fred Trump was programming his little boy to become a true alpha in business and in life, dominant and fierce in his self-confidence, a counter-puncher, a man whose handshake is designed to intimidate, not embrace, and whose choice of spectacularly beautiful women sends a message to the world of the power of his personal manhood. In many ways, Fred's programming perfectly prepared young Donald for his journey to Saudi Arabia decades later, as America's commander in chief.

There, in the Saudi capital of Riyadh, President Trump joined in a traditional sword dance with a ceremonial weapon on his shoulder. He smiled broadly as he strutted and bobbed with other men whose fathers had told them that they, too, were meant to rule over lesser men. In his speech to the Saudis and leaders of 50 other Sunni Muslim countries, broadcast around the world, Trump said he had not come to lecture anyone about how to live. So, no embarrassing words about that slaughter in Yemen, about human rights and their absence in the Kingdom, about the continued subjugation of Saudi women, or about the Saudi justice system and its medieval level of brutality. Trump had come to sell the Saudi zillionaires a $110 billion package of American military hardware, including 150 Blackhawk helicopters, precision-guided munitions, and advanced radar technology. In other words, just what MBS needs to continue the carnage in Yemen and beyond.

The Saudi government has carefully watched and learned as President Trump has been repeatedly surprised by the limits on his power and the importance of the free press in the U.S. Trump has discovered that reporters—those he described as "enemies of the American people"—turn out to be harder to intimidate than he'd hoped. The Saudis don't have that problem. There is no free press in Saudi Arabia. Even the mildest protest can get you severely beaten and locked up in a facility so filthy and cruel there is nothing quite like it

MUSLIMS IN AMERICA

MORE THAN 7,000 Muslim Americans serve with honor in America's intelligence community and in the military, many of them working in some of the most dangerous places in the world. A good number of these people operate undercover in hostile countries.

Muslim Americans protect our troops with their knowledge of local languages and customs and lead the way into battle when they are in command. In more than one recent terrorist incident, whether in New York or Bali, it was a local Muslim who rose up with uncommon courage to save the lives of people under attack regardless of their race or religion.

There are more than four million Muslim Americans. They tend to be highly educated, law-abiding, and good neighbors. Their kids are rarely in trouble and among them are Eagle Scouts and super-achievers in school. Muslim Americans are some of the FBI's best sources of information about anyone in their community who may be on the path to radicalization.

Muslim Americans are mostly immigrants. They love their lives here and wish to protect their reputation as a positive, contributing factor in the daily life of our country. They are all-in, fully invested in being Americans. Today, the U.S. Muslim adult you meet is likely to be an emergency room physician, a small-business owner, or a college professor.

Sadly, in America right now, many Muslim citizens live in fear of ugly rhetoric and physical attacks from ignorant non-Muslims. They have to contend with fellow citizens who stereotype them and misunderstand their religion. And it is the Wahhabi version of Sunni Islam, nurtured in and exported by Saudi Arabia, with its influence on extremist mind-sets, that has helped lead to this situation for Muslim Americans.

PHOTO: SHUTTERSTOCK.COM / CHAMELEONSEYE

TO KEEP ITS GRIP ON POWER, THE KINGDOM CONTROLS EVERYTHING, INCLUDING THE MEDIA. IT IS RUN BY VERY SMART PEOPLE WHO SIMPLY DO NOT CARE ABOUT ANYONE BUT THEMSELVES.

anywhere—even in the hellhole prisons of the American South.

To keep its grip on power, the Kingdom controls everything, including the media. It is run by very smart people who simply do not care about anyone but themselves. When it comes to the use of power, MBS and the other dancing princes see eye-to-eye with Donald Trump, despite how infuriated they must have been by his attempts to ban "all Muslims" from entering the United States.

The Kingdom is the steward of the two holiest sites in Islam—Mecca and Medina. Saudi royals are descended from dominant desert warriors with close connections to those who made up the inner circle of the Prophet Mohammad. The ruling Saudis have finely honed survival instincts and a highly respected corps of diplomats. They are quite capable of making alliances of convenience—both public and covert—even with those whose behavior disgusts them, like Trump's, and those they publicly denounce, whether Israel or Al Qaeda.

For several years now, Saudi Arabia and Israel have been quietly building a positive relationship. This delicate pas de deux is motivated by pragmatism and mutual fear of Iran. Saudi Arabia and the much larger Iran are the dominant representatives of the aforementioned feuding Islamic strands. This division—between Sunnis, like those in Saudi Arabia, and Shiites, like those in Iran—created hatred that goes back to the Dark Ages. To non-Muslims, this Islamic schism is obscure and difficult to understand. The main thing to know is that the divide goes very deep and is a continually dangerous one.

So toxic is the gulf between Sunnis and Shiites that tens of thousands of innocent people have died because of it. Think how many times you've heard broadcasts from the Middle East in which the news reporter says, "The suicide bomber detonated outside of a mosque in the Shiite community of...." In most if not all of those cases, the suicide bomber was a Sunni Muslim radicalized by someone pushing the Saudi Wahhabi doctrine of fear, rage, and hatred of others. In most cases of intra-Muslim terror, the victims are Shiites, the attackers Sunni extremists. Of the world's 1.6 billion Muslims, Shiites make up about 10 percent. Shiites have long complained about being looked down on by their Sunni brothers. Shiites—except for Iranians—tend to come from countries where there is little oil.

▪▪▪

Almost as soon as the Trump administration came into power, they cleaned house at the State Department, firing career veterans and other senior experts, including experts on the Middle East. As a result, U.S. moves in the region have had all the subtlety of teenagers grinding on the dance floor.

It didn't help the situation when, on June 6, Trump fired off a pair of tweets calling out Qatar and blatantly siding with Saudi Arabia and six other Arab nations that had abruptly cut ties with their tiny Arab neighbor, seeking to forcefully isolate it.

"During my recent trip to the Middle East," tweeted Trump, "I stated that there can no longer be funding of Radical Ideology. Leaders pointed to Qatar—look!" Additional tweets added, "So good to see the Saudi Arabia visit with the King and 50 countries already paying off. They said they would take a hard line on funding extremism, and all reference was pointing to Qatar. Perhaps this will be the beginning of the end to the horror of terrorism!"

The tweets startled senators, spooked foreign policy experts, and caused a headache for the grownups on Trump's national security team: Defense Secretary Jim Mattis, a retired Marine Corps general, and National Security Adviser H. R. McMaster, an active-duty U.S. Army general.

The Saudis and the coalition of Arab countries they lead had

PHOTO: SHUTTERSTOCK.COM / BAKHTIAR ZEIN

charged Qatar with supporting terrorism. Keep in mind who here is calling someone else a terrorism supporter. The actual problem is that Qatar is trying to get along with all players in the region. It maintains working relationships with the Muslim Brotherhood and with Iran. Qatar owns and operates Al-Jazeera TV, which often carries reporting and commentary that the Saudis find threatening.

At the time Trump used his phone to tweet out his backing of the Saudi-led attempt at intimidating Qatar, he apparently had no idea that the largest American military base in the entire region is in Qatar. The immense Al Udeid Air Base is home to almost 11,000 U.S. military personnel. Its spectacular CAOC (Combined Air Operations Center) is the one which supports all U.S. forces in battle in Syria, Iraq, and Afghanistan. Hoping to reduce the damage Trump's tweets did, the Defense Department quickly issued a statement declaring that Qatar plays an important role in the fight against ISIS.

It's easy to imagine McMaster running into the Oval Office after the president tweeted, saying, essentially, "Boss! Whoa! We've got 11,000 of our kids and billions in assets based in Qatar! Please let us handle this, okay?"

If not ignorance, what might have motivated Trump's sudden denunciation of Qatar? One possible answer: revenge. It's been reported that when Ivanka and Jared sought urgently needed money for their business projects, the Qatar money folks rejected their application for loans. And as we all know, The Donald loves to get even.

Saudi leaders—who value stability and reliability—have been observing this unpredictable American president with alarm. No wonder they put on that huge reception, flattered his ego, and set out to get everything they possibly could from Washington as fast as possible. That includes the single biggest American arms sale to a foreign power since World War II. And while Israel is getting along well with the Kingdom these days, Israeli military leaders are concerned that the $110 billion Saudi arms package contains a state-of-the-art cyberwar suite which could be turned on the Israelis in some future scenario.

Once MBS becomes the Saudi king, no one can say with certainty what he may choose to do. Mohammed bin Salman and Donald Trump. Two impulsive and unpredictable leaders at a time that cries out for reliability and stability in a region of the world that—before the North Korea crisis—was routinely viewed as most likely to explode.

Jeff Kamen doesn't drink because, as he says, "It messes with my aim." His new book, Warrior Pups, is the subject of this month's book review. Jeff would like you to buy 20 copies of his book for your holiday giving.

A HISTORY OF VIOLENCE

THE YEMEN CIVIL WAR has drawn in terrorists from Al Qaeda in the Arabian Peninsula, which has religious roots in Saudi Arabia and ties to Saudi commanders, as well as terrorists from Iranian-backed militias. One news report says amidst the chaos of the Yemen war, terrorists have gotten their hands on shoulder-fired ground-to-air missiles, the kind that can easily bring down airliners. Finding them is a priority for the U.S., which has special operations units relatively close.

Additional reporting says the Saudis have a covert relationship with Al Qaeda in the Arabian Peninsula to work jointly against the Iran-backed Shiite militias, called Houthis. That's all on the ground. In the air, the Royal Saudi Air Force faces no opposition. In the air, it's a one-sided war.

■■■

The U.S. and Iran have been enemies since 1979, when the Islamic Revolution overthrew the American puppet who called himself the King of Kings, the "Shah." The U.S. had placed the Shah on his throne in 1953 after orchestrating the removal of the elected prime minister of Iran, Mohammad Mossadegh. Mossadegh had promised to nationalize the foreign oil companies that were getting hugely rich on Iran's light sweet crude oil while most Iranian citizens lived in crushing poverty.

It was the early years of the Cold War. America's government feared Mossadegh would take Iran into the Soviet orbit. The CIA was ordered to remove him from power.

For the next 25 years, the Shah did pretty much as he was told by Washington and played the part of America's sheriff in the Persian Gulf. That came crashing down after the Shah failed to deliver promised economic reforms, became increasingly brutal to his opponents, and attempted to westernize Iranian society in defiance of the nation's conservative Shiite Muslim clergy. A mullah—a Shiite priest—the Shah had exiled to France led the revolution and became the Islamic Republic's first Supreme Leader. His name was Ayatollah Khomeini.

STROKE OF GENIUS

IN the nineties, I was very into the downtown band scene in New York City. It was a wild time, and I spent my nights at shows, lusting after this punk girl who fronted one of the more popular bands.

Punk Girl looked like she had just walked off the pages of a coloring book with her dyed red hair, porcelain skin, and doughy doll face. She was covered in stick-n-poke tattoos, and had a rotating wardrobe of leather catsuits she pranced around in onstage. Punk Girl was mouthy, mean, and sexy. We had friends in common, and all hung out in the same circle, but Punk Girl and I had never shared more than a few beers and drunken flirtations.

One night, post-show, Punk Girl and I were hanging out at the bar while the rest of our friends sat at some tables. I ordered us two shots of whiskey as she stubbed out her cigarette and suggestively rubbed her hand on my leg. Pretty soon the bartender was booting us out, and Punk Girl suggested we go to her place. She gave me her address and told me to meet her in half an hour. “People don’t need to know our business,” she said as she got up to leave. “See you there.”

On the way to her place, I stopped in a deli to pick up more drinks. Behind the counter, right next to the condoms, I noticed a small spray bottle that said it would make a man “last longer.” I don’t remember the exact brand name, but my mind screamed, “The Duration Xtender!”

It’s always been difficult for me to fuck a girl and not come in under 60 seconds, and this was Punk Girl, so I thought, *What the hell?* I bought the spray. (It was the nineties. We were all dumb as fuck.) The fine print on the Duration Xtender said it contained a numbing agent designed to desensitize your dick. It seemed a little risky, but I was drunk, stupid, and willing to try anything to keep my dick in Punk Girl as long as humanly possible.

When I got to her apartment, I dropped the drinks onto her messy coffee table and beelined it for the can. I took a piss and then read the Xtender’s instructions. The package suggested five to seven spritzes on my dick—focusing on the head—followed by immediate handwashing. I overdid it, losing count around 12 sprays. I hid the bottle behind a pile of laundry on the floor and made a mental note to get it before I left.

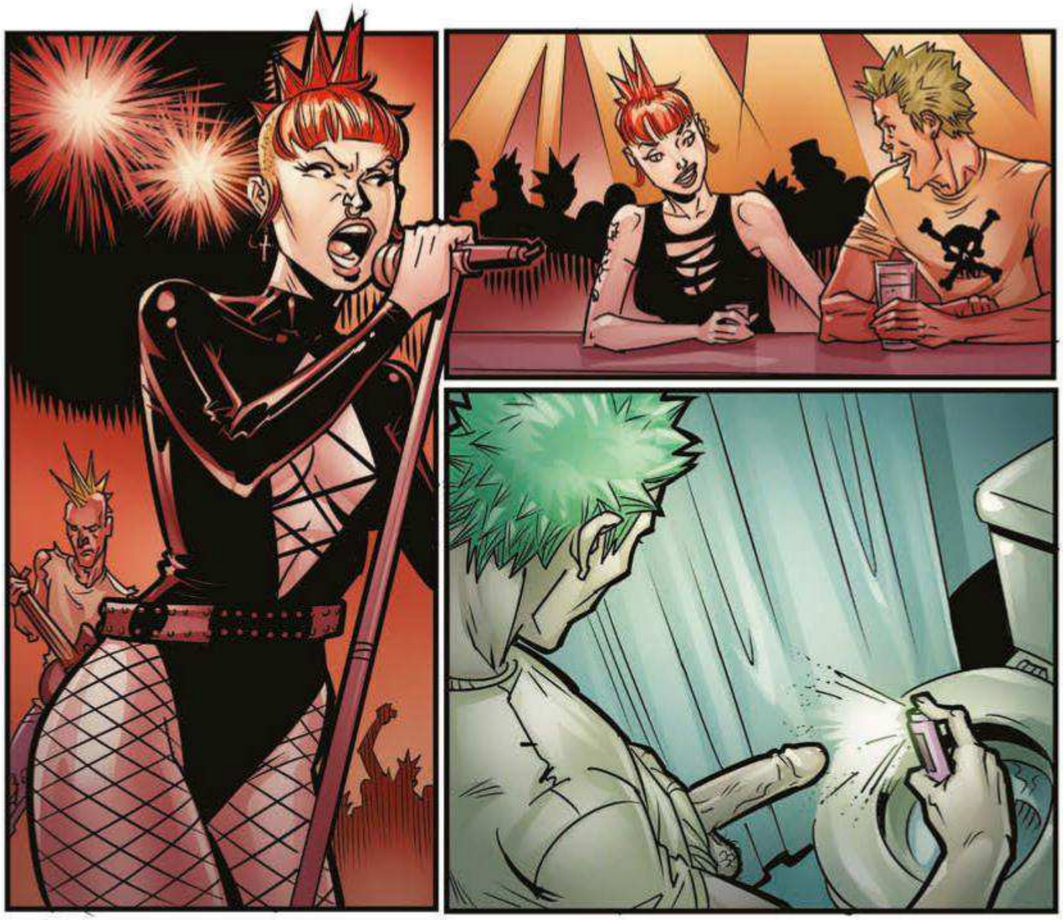
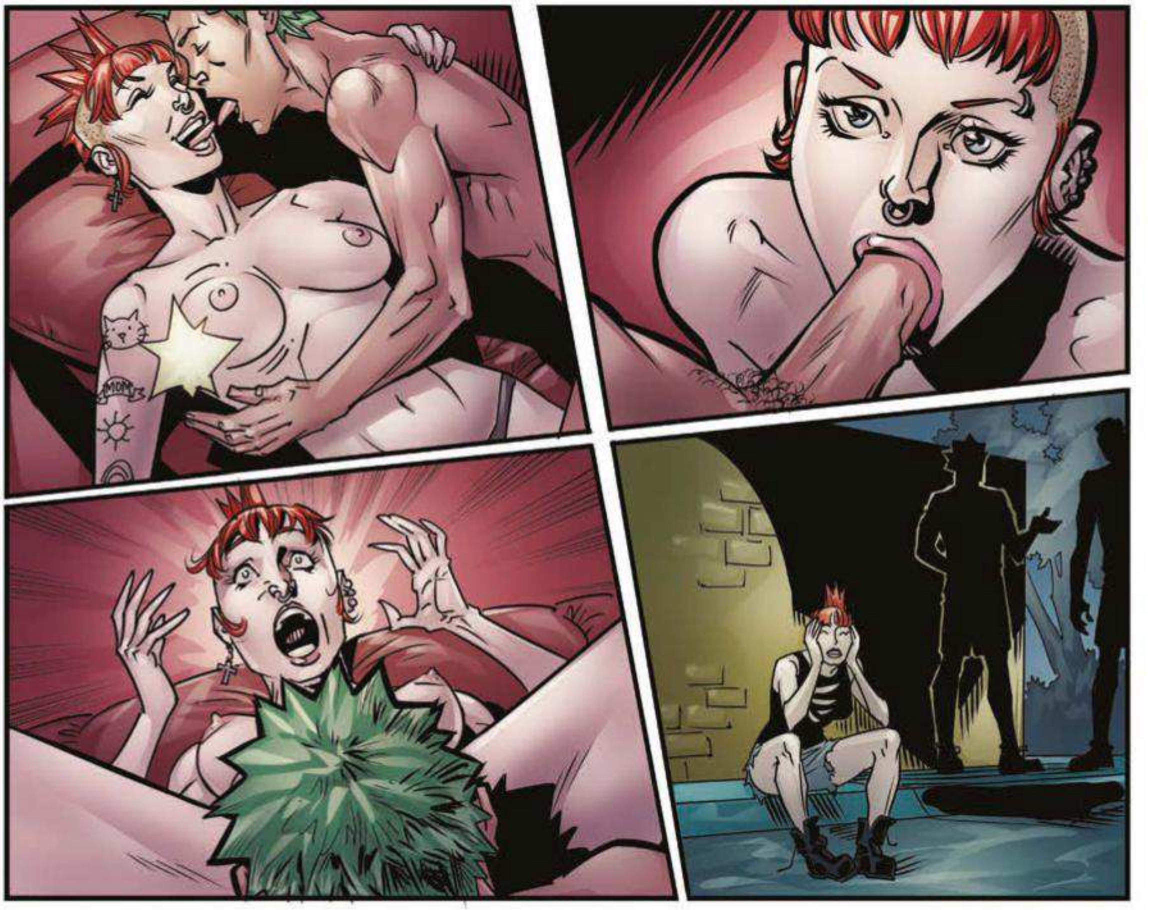


ILLUSTRATION BY JASON JOHNSON



Minutes later we were making out. Punk Girl said she liked it rough, so I pushed her down on the sofa, ripped off her shirt, and gave her a few playful slaps on the tits. She laughed and writhed under me, twisting her tongue into my mouth. We were dry humping like prom night virgins when she sat up and whipped off my pants like a magician performing a tabletop trick.

"You have a nice cock," she whispered before wrangling her tongue around it. I knew this girl was not fucking around. Worried I would repeat history and come faster than a cheetah on speed, I pushed her back down so I could get to work on her pussy. She slowly pulled my hair as I dragged my tongue all over her, lapping up Punk Girl with every taste bud I had. Suddenly, I felt her body tense up.

"Oh my God! Oh my God!" she yelped.

"Yeah? Do you like it?" I asked between breathless laps of my tongue.

"Oh my God, wait, no…stop!" she cried. "Stop! Something is wrong with my face!"

I shot up from between her legs and saw her frantically pinching her lips.

"My mouth is all numb. Oh my God, I think I'm having a fucking stroke!"

Fuck me. I'm a total idiot. Of course, the Duration Xtender would numb whatever crossed its icy path, and that included Punk Girl's mouth, damaged by proxy via my cock. Still, I needed to play it cool. I didn't want to tell her what I'd done.

"You're not having a stroke," I assured her. "Just calm down. Maybe it was something you ate?"

"No! I haven't eaten since the afternoon!" she barked. Punk Girl walked her perfect naked ass to the nearest mirror and started slapping her face like a mental patient. "I can't feel anything. I can't feel my face!"

Punk Girl wasn't going to let me fuck her if she thought she was dying of a stroke. So, I came clean.

"You're okay," I sighed, walking over to her. "I put something on my dick that makes it numb."

"What?" Punk Girl narrowed her eyes into angry slits and glared at me through the mirror. "What the fuck are you talking about?"

"Well…."

"I can't believe you let me suck your cock," she shrieked. "What if it's poisonous? What if I can't sing anymore? Did you think about that? I think my throat is closing up!"

I tried to talk her down from the ledge of Mount Hysteria, and even brought out the bottle so she could look at the ingredients. She whipped the canister at my head and yelled for me to take her outside to get some air, where she proceeded to squat down on the sidewalk. Then she made me explain exactly what had happened to six different passersby, and ask them if they thought she would be okay.

After being reassured by a bunch of confused drunk strangers that her mouth and throat would be fine in a few hours, she told me to get out of her face and never speak to her again.

—Jason G., Maplewood, New Jersey

GOOD WOOD

We never thought that Jenna Sativa and Mia Malkova would give zero fucks about Halloween costume accuracy, but here we are. Everyone knows you don't need a hard hat to paint. Halloween comes but once a year, ladies. Make more of an effort! It's a good thing these two finally decided to drop their tools and start hammering each other. Who wants to go to another stupid party anyway?

Photography: Chad Lee

HOT LINES

BY LEAH MCSWEENEY

BAD BITCH IN TRAINING

How does one get over shit and not feel like a victim/disrespected. Basically, how do you find the most badass strength and confidence? I've always looked up to strong women and I'm just not there yet.

This is a most challenging question because I am still trying to figure it out myself! And a lot of days I don't feel so badass, but mostly I do. Here's how: I realized I control my own destiny, that I have the power and the choice to live the life I want. I spent so many years in pain and trying to mask it with drugs, booze, men, sex, work, and so on. Finally, I had an epiphany that I was actually in control of everything and nothing all at the same time. I spent years dating assholes, and guess what? I *chose* to date the men who weren't capable of meeting my needs. So to change that, all I had to do was stop dating assholes! It was really simple. The better choices we make for ourselves the better we will feel about ourselves. The more we love ourselves the higher our standards become. Being disrespected is not an option. Through a lot of therapy and yoga, I also came to understand that I am not a victim of my childhood. There is something much bigger than our experiences in life, and it lives inside us and transcends all. It's a lot of work to clean off the light that's inside us that life has piled shit on. But start scrubbing. I suggest yoga and writing affirmations on your mirror that say, "I'm a badass bitch and I know what I want." Soon enough you will bring out the badass bitch that knows what she wants. Much love to you and good luck on your journey!

CHAMPAGNE ROOM PAPI

My fiancé and toddler son's father took a job managing a strip joint about a year ago. It has not been good for our relationship. During the past couple of months he has started coming home drunk or not at all. He won't answer his phone. When he finally comes home he says he's been out with his boys. I don't believe him. Do you think a man can work at a strip club without testing out the merchandise? Especially when he's the manager and the girls are probably throwing it at him because they think he has money. Also, would you stick around for the sake of a child?

I would never suggest staying in an unhealthy relationship for the sake of a child. That makes no sense. Your child needs a healthy environment to grow up in and at least one happy, present parent to thrive. Staying and living in dysfunction will fuck up your kid more than growing up in a co-parenting situation. Life is way too short to stay in a relationship that doesn't feel good. As for your fiancé, it sounds like you may want to hold off from walking down the aisle. Not coming home? Not answering the phone? Girl…you deserve better. I believe some men could work at a strip club and not get involved with the women there, and that would be a man who's gay. Just saying! Tell him if he doesn't get another job or stop staying out all night you're leaving his ass. If you really love him, give him a chance to make it up. If you don't, then I would say cut your losses and move on. Good luck!

WISE TO LAYER

I was in a four-year relationship (off and on) with someone who was a functioning alcoholic. I ignored the big red flags and stayed. Recently, I found out he'd been texting ex-girlfriends and I caught him on the phone one night with a secretary from his job. His response was one of no remorse—he just told me she wants to fuck him. I left immediately and blocked him, but I feel so hopeless and used. I know I should have seen this coming, but stupidly, I fell for him. Now I feel empty and sad. I'm in my forties, by the way, and I thought I was past all this. Any suggestions on how to feel better?

I really feel for you. Heartbreak is the worst. Sometimes the disappointment feels like it's going to swallow us whole. But the good news is it sounds like you are on the right track. You're already very self-aware and realize you ignored some major red

I BELIEVE SOME MEN COULD WORK AT A STRIP CLUB AND NOT GET INVOLVED WITH THE WOMEN THERE, AND THAT WOULD BE A MAN WHO'S GAY.

flags. Next time don't ignore them. Run from them…fast. Shut 'em down quick. Don't dive in. Also, good for you for leaving him and blocking him immediately. You might feel hopeless and used, but remember that you are in control of changing those feelings. It's good to mourn the loss but it's also good to work on moving on. I'm not saying to go fuck some guy right away, but I'm also not telling you to *not* do that. Do whatever makes you feel better. Maybe get some new clothes, splurge on some amazing highlights, go out, get tipsy, go on Tinder and have a one-night stand with a hot guy with a big dick. Fuck your loser alcoholic ex. You are SO MUCH BETTER than him! Now you have the freedom to meet a billionaire with a yacht and not be dealing with peasantry. Have fun getting new dick.

MIND YOUR BUSINESS

Any advice for creating your own brand? And what are some do's and don'ts for creating a clothing line?

Hey future CEO. My first piece of advice for creating a brand is…don't fake it. You have to mean it. If you are creating a brand, the brand needs a story and a message. And it must be authentic. So first think about what your message and story is. It's imperative. I mean, you could just pull something out of thin air and it might even work, but you won't ever get any respect from me if it's just some bullshit jumping on the bandwagon stee.

Some do's:
Do be ready deal with a lot of unforeseen obstacles.
Do have a good therapist on call.
Do have the ability to handle stress and thrive under pressure.
Do have an open mind and a willingness to learn from others.
Do get back up when you fall. Because you'll be falling a lot!

Some don'ts:
Don't ever think you know everything.
Don't bite the hand that feeds you.
Don't be corny.
Don't be annoying.
Don't be a jerk.

Hope this helps!

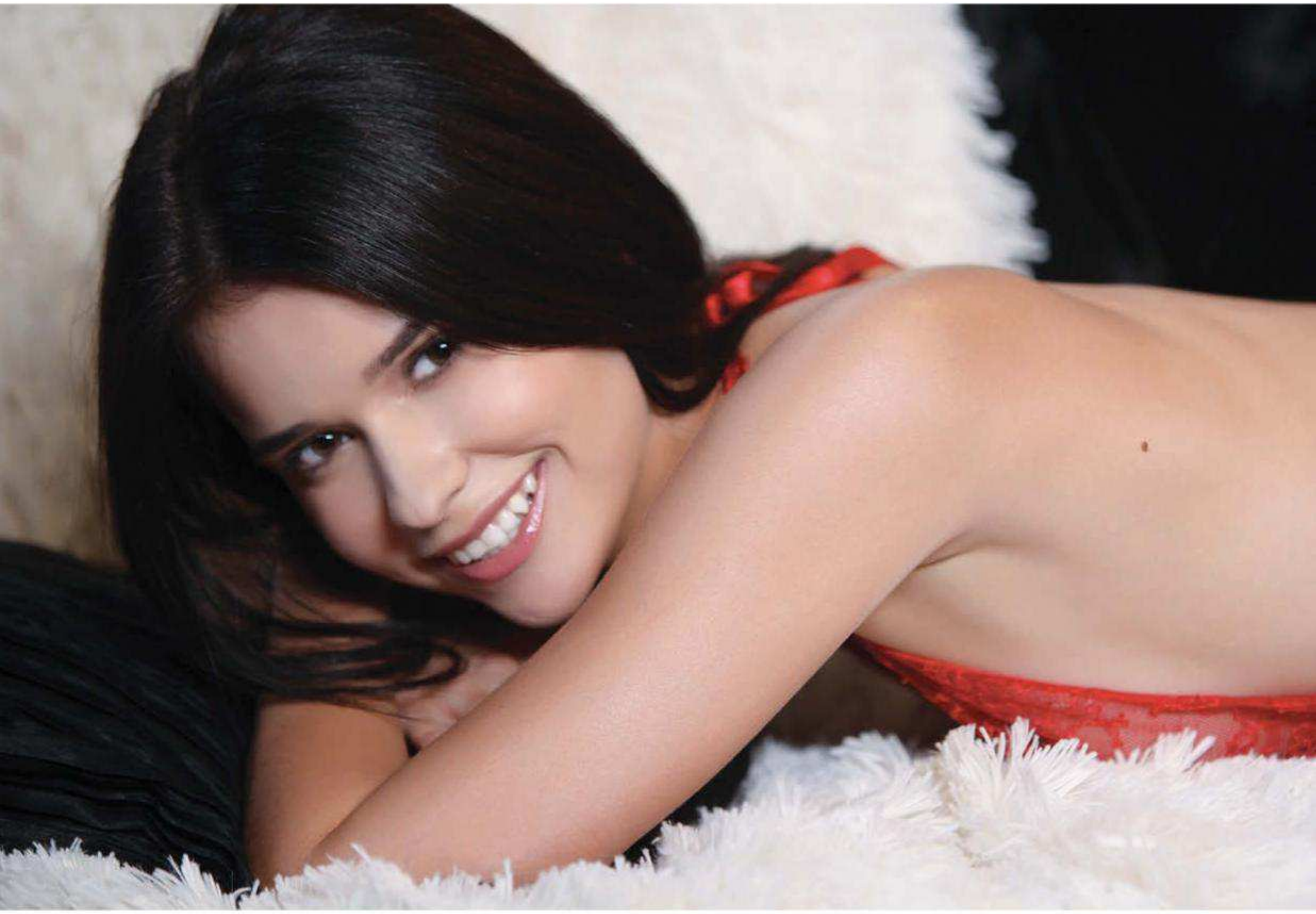
GIVE RISE

How do you continue to create or be inspired without having ideas simply pop into your head?

Oh, I totally struggle with this. I've learned that when I'm not feeling inspired to be designing for Married to the Mob, then it's a good time to put my energy into another project like my podcast, or sit down and write this column, or think about another project that will help satisfy my insatiable appetite to create. If I have a deadline and must create something but am not feeling inspired or into it, then I just take a Klonopin and take a nap for a couple hours. And when I wake up, I just fucking do it. Sometimes you just have to fucking do it, inspired or not! I love this question! Hope you love my answer.

Leah McSweeney is founder and CEO of Married to the Mob and cohost of the podcast "Improper Etiquette," with hip-hop radio personality Laura Stylez.

PHOTO: SHUTTERSTOCK.COM / MARKO MARCELLO



HAIL STORM

Dating October CyberCutie Salena Storm won't be cheap. The San Diego native wants you to be more creative than the standard dinner and a movie. Sure, the cost of entry may be steep, but the reward is pretty sweet. Don't believe us? When you're finished drooling over her pictures here, catch her on manyvids.com and check out how wild this bicurious babe really gets. Think of this as a teaser.

Photography: Gerald De Behr

"TAKE ME PARAGLIDING OR ON A HOT-AIR BALLOON. DINNER AND A MOVIE IS BORING."

“I’LL KNOW WITHIN THE FIRST FIVE MINUTES OF MEETING SOMEONE IF I WANT TO FUCK THEM.”

Vital Stats:

32A-25-27

Hometown:

San Diego, California

The human body. Least attractive feature and most attractive feature. Go!

The least attractive feature on anyone is their feet. The most attractive would be the veins in a man's arms, you know, when they pop out.

Interesting choice.

It just seems so masculine to me. So strong. I imagine all his adrenaline running through his body.

That's an odd yet very specific attribute to put at the top of your list. I heard the first time you did a webcam scene was with your friend, Andie Adams.

Yeah, we did a private show where we ate each other's pussies. Before camming, I was pretty sexually open. It wasn't like this huge jump for me. I like being watched. From day one, I always said I would never do anything I was uncomfortable with no matter how many tokens I was offered. I would eat Andie's pussy on my day off.

If your webcam life was a restaurant, what would be your daily special?

Spanking! But seriously, I get a lot of tips to just talk and hang out. I consider so many of my cam clients my friends.

Check out Salena's live shows daily at https://profiles.myfreecams.com/SalenaStorm or see more at Penthouse.com

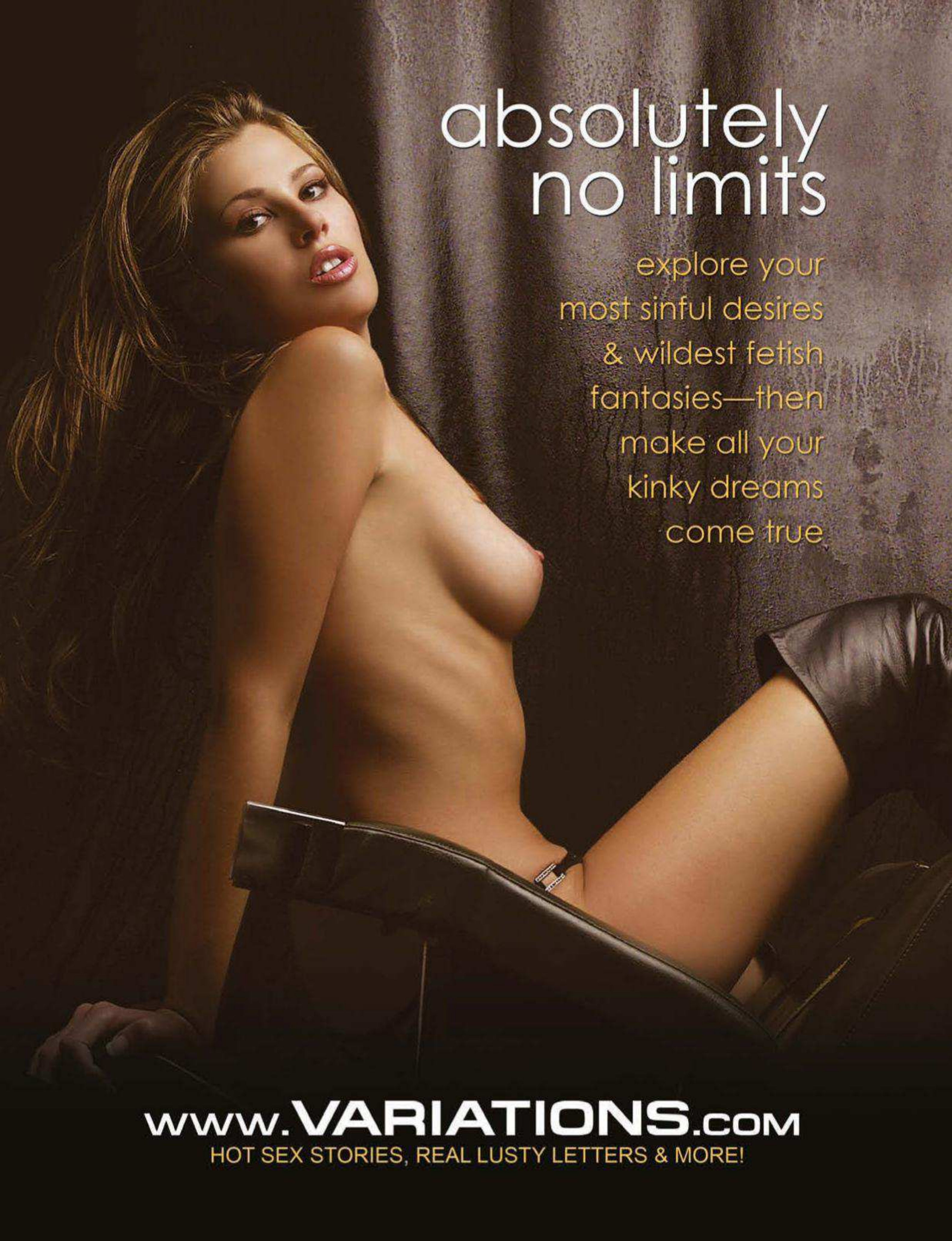

absolutely no limits
explore your most sinful desires & wildest fetish fantasies—then make all your kinky dreams come true
www.VARIATIONS.com
HOT SEX STORIES, REAL LUSTY LETTERS & MORE!

ILLUSTRATION: SHUTTERSTOCK.COM / LIGHTSPRING

EMBRACE THE SUCK

HATH HELL FROZEN OVER?

THE SHORT-FINGERED VULGARIAN MAKES GOOD…INDIRECTLY.

BY MATT GALLAGHER

AS dedicated readers of Embrace the Suck know, I haven't been the kindest scribe to Dear Leader, President Donald Trump. Between his Cheeto Mussolini posturing and chickenhawkery and, well, impulsive relationship with social media, I remain dutifully unimpressed with his leadership some nine months into his administration. But hey, that Russia thing is bound to go away any day now….

However! Never let it be said this column doesn't give credit when credit is due. And so we stand ready to recognize some good work being done by one of Trump's cabinet secretaries.

■■■

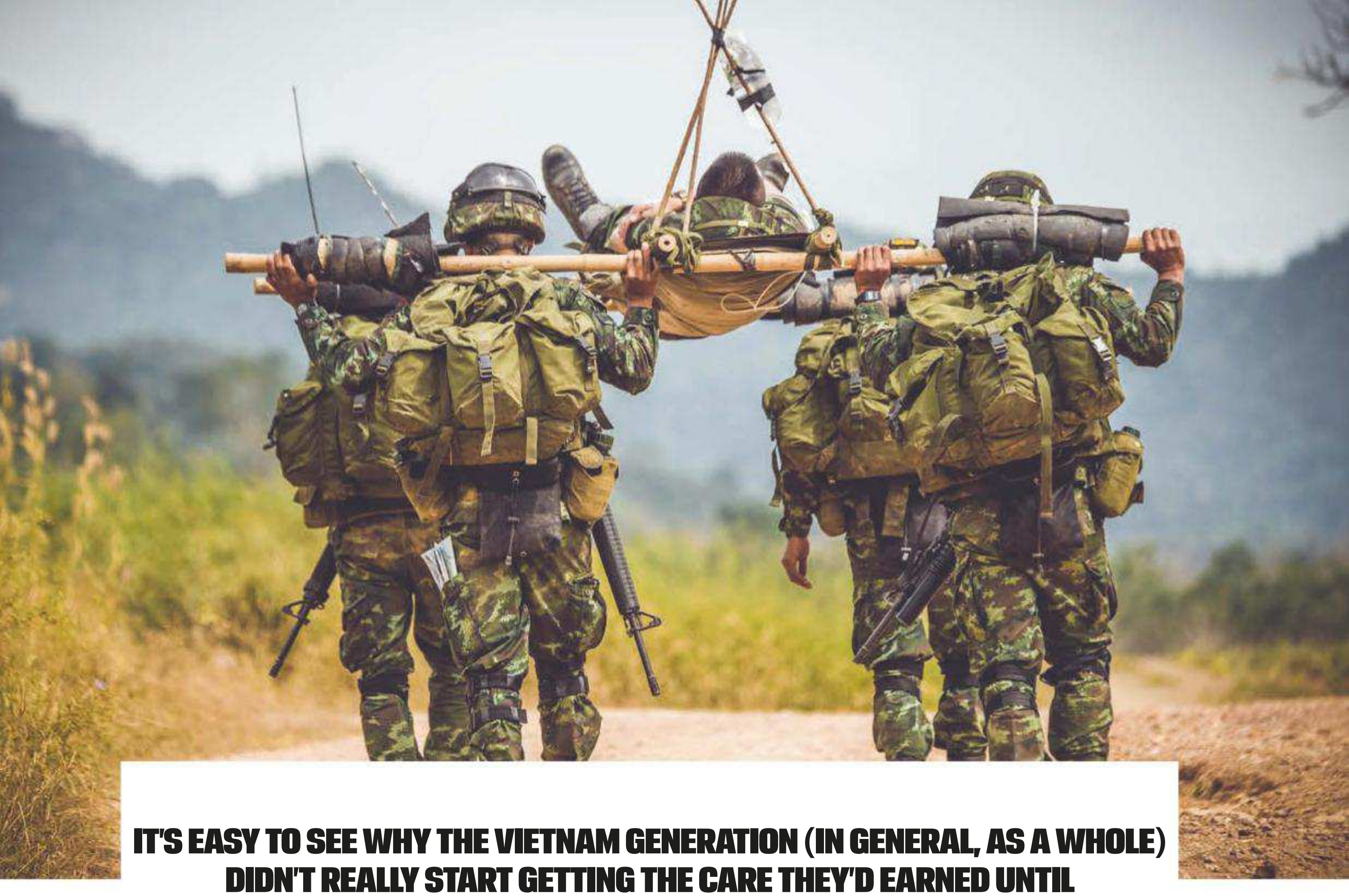
In the midst of *House of Cards* news cycles and daily scoops straight outta reality-TV programming, Trump's Secretary of Veteran Affairs, David Shulkin, has been a rock of stability. I mean, it's still the VA. But this dude, this bro-kowski, this, ahem, credentialed doctor—and I'm not talking the dentist kind—is doing some good things for the fighters who have borne the battle.

Back in June, under Shulkin's guidance, the VA announced plans to start using the same electronic medical-record system as the Department of Defense. In theory, this should streamline a process that can be a goddamn odyssey, as any vet who's navigated the two giant bureaucracies can attest.

"What do you mean, the DOD and VA use different records?" an earnest and confused reader may ask. Yep. Different departments, different organizational structures, and—here's the rub—different contracts with companies led to different systems. Not slightly different, either. More like "ancient Greek and Klingon different," according to a friend who works at a VA hospital in New York.

Communication and overlap between the DOD and VA has long been an issue, and it's almost always left to the individual transitioning veteran to bridge the divide. Personal responsibility and all that jazz, sure, but for a 22-year-old former infantryman who's only known Army medical care and processes, taking that leap while also juggling everything else that comes with reentry into the civilian world can be a lot.

Having been there myself, it's too easy to kick that can down the figurative road and figure out one's VA records next week…



IT'S EASY TO SEE WHY THE VIETNAM GENERATION (IN GENERAL, AS A WHOLE) DIDN'T REALLY START GETTING THE CARE THEY'D EARNED UNTIL DECADES AFTER THEIR SERVICE.

next month…next year, and on and on. Extrapolate that some, and it's easy to see why the Vietnam generation (in general, as a whole) didn't really start getting the care they'd earned until decades after their service.

That's a big reason why, for the Iraq and Afghanistan generation of vets, there's been such a push to get us registered at VA early and often. Nip any potential long-term issues in the bud, goes the thinking. And while it'll be decades until there's definitive data on it all, it sure passes the smell test.

* * *

Get some physical, mental, or spiritual wound treated early, and then the foundations of the American dream—education, employment, housing, family—can start to be laid. And the numbers are promising, if not inspiring: About fifty to fifty-five percent of returning Iraq and Afghanistan vets register for VA after completing their service, a marked increase from previous generations.

Fifty to fifty-five percent…yeah, not that superb, let's be real. At least in a vacuum, we should be better than that. We need to be better than that.

But (he whispers into the void), we can't afford 100 percent….

That's right. Get a few knowledgeable VA organizational staffers drunk, and that's what they'll tell you. Mandatory enrollment in VA (not the same thing as mandatory utilization of VA services, I should point out) doesn't occur because it'd kill the national budget. That's the major reason. And that's why the next time you see any D.C. politician lecturing on television about getting "Vets the Care They Deserve!", know it comes with all sorts of caveats.

They may mean it, sure. Mean it in their bones and soul, and mean it deeply. But until we see something spelled out in a budget, something that shows the care will increase at a rate higher than the monthly creation of combat veterans, I try to remember there's an invisible asterisk assigned to every one of those statements. An asterisk that means "some." And "if."

Shulkin's digital-records move may seem like common sense, and it is. Which makes it all the more impressive, in my mind. Key thing to remember with this, too: It's so much easier to proclaim something is going to happen than actually making it go down. (Ain't that right, Baghdad Bob?) A lot of hard work remains—hard work that'll happen well below Shulkin's purview and pay grade.

So. Veteran or civilian, I'm sure you'll join me in wishing well the software engineers and records clerks of the VA, from Kansas City to D.C. and beyond. The grind is never pretty, and won't include a balloon float or a shiny, sparkly press conference in the Rose Garden of the White House. But the work they're undertaking will benefit American veterans for a long time, and help smooth out one overlooked aspect of the coming-home journey in the meantime.

Good things! They can still happen, even in 2017.

Matt Gallagher is a U.S. Army veteran of Iraq and the author of the novel Youngblood (Atria/Simon & Schuster).

PHOTO: SHUTTERSTOCK.COM / ANURAKE SINGTO-ON

THE CALLING
SEE THE ALL NEW CALLING AND JOIN
THE MOVEMENT AT EVIL-BIKES.COM
EVIL-BIKES.COM / @EVILBICYCLES
EVIL™

RIDER: LUKE STROBEL / PHOTO: PARIS GORE

THE HANDSOME RAMBLER

HANNIBAL BURESS GETS REAL (FUNNY).

RED-HOT comedian and costar of Adult Swim's *The Eric Andre Show,* Hannibal Buress has mastered the art of leaving crowds wanting more. From his recent rash of guest cameos in Hollywood blockbusters (most recently as a wisecracking gym teacher in *Spider-Man: Homecoming*) to starring in Jay-Z's *Friends* music video parody, Buress could easily teach a college class in the Wu-Tang Clan philosophy of "Half short and twice strong."

We caught up with Chicago's own Handsome Rambler as he headed to Atlanta to film his meatiest role to date—the 2018 ensemble comedy *Tag*—to discuss his superpowers, his V-card, theremins, and baby wipes.

INTERVIEW BY CHRIS NIERATKO

You're in the new Spider-Man movie. Were you angry that they didn't ask you to play Spider-Man?
No, not at all. First of all, when you play Spider-Man, that's a lot of days on the set. I don't know how many months they [shot], maybe five. I was there a couple weeks, said my jokes, knocked 'em out, and got back to my regular life. Spider-Man is a different level of commitment, man—all that time in costumes, putting on the suit, all that damn voiceover. That's hard work!

How do you think you'd look in the suit?
Depends on the fit of the suit. I've got some suits that I look really great in. Some clothes I wear pretty well, some clothes look weird on me. I'm assuming, hypothetically, if they did offer me Spider-Man, the deal would include some physical stipulations that I would have to honor.

If you could be any superhero, what would it be?
I'd be an invincible guy that could teleport. He could handle a lot of stuff really quickly. I would save people then go back to where I needed to be. Batman still has to drive. Spider-Man has to web-swing to get to places. Superman has to fly. Wolverine is driving or he's Ubering around and shit. Teleporting, man. That's what I'd do.

Do you prefer to be more of a cameo actor as opposed to taking on larger, more time-consuming roles?
I mean, I'm doing a longer role now in *Tag*. I just like to do fun work so if it's something that's fun and exciting and if it happens to be a long day and the finished product turns out to be dope, then sure. But popping into movies and doing quick cameos is a fun way to work. If you take advantage of the moment and if you're working with a good director you can have an impact with any amount of screen time.

You have a movie coming out, *The Pact,* where three parents try to stop their daughters from losing their virginity. I wanted to ask about your de-virginization story.
It went all right! I had a couple situations where I probably could have lost my virginity but I didn't read the moment right or I got interrupted. It happened the summer following my freshman year of college. We had known each for a year and had a lot of looong make-out sessions without finishing it out. There was a lot of buildup. I remember the toe-tingling part. When I finished, I was like, "Woo!"

How do you define sexy, Hannibal?
You have the physical beauty, obviously. I like a woman with nice thighs, a nice ass, and that has poise. It's fun when I can banter with a woman and talk shit. This girl I met after a show in Atlanta, she came by my crib the next day at like 11 A.M. with weed, tequila, and Hennessy. In that situation, usually I would end up going for it within an hour or so. We ended up drinking and smoking and laughing, took a nap. I probably didn't make a move until like 9 P.M. because we were having a good time and really kicking it. That's kind of rare when it's a stranger you don't have much rapport with to kick it a full nine hours in the crib, not out and about going to different shit where you can kind of switch up the environment.

You are about to jump on the road with Nas as well as one of my all-time crushes, Lauryn Hill. Do you find that opening for hip-hop shows tends to be a warmer reception, or a tougher crowd because they're there for music?
It varies. Nothing is going to be warmer than popping up on a comedy show if nobody knows I'm there. I've popped up with Chris Rock or Chappelle and I'll get a bigger pop from the crowd than at my own show because there's no expectations. They're like, "Oh! He's here? Cool. I know that guy." Sometimes those crowds are better than my actual crowd, because my crowd is like, "Yeah, we know you but also get to work, motherfucker."

PHOTOS COURTESY OF MARCUS PRICE

With the hip-hop crowd, it varies based on if they know you or not. There's a different approach because the attention span and the expectations are a little bit different.

A lot of great hip-hop has come out of Chicago. Recently the president called it one of the worst cities in America. How do you feel about what he said?
He's said lots of things. Here's the thing too, though, people got upset about the "grab 'em by the pussy" thing. It's not that women don't like to be grabbed by the pussy; it's just that you got to work toward that. Rich or famous, you can't just grab a pussy right away. You have to have some conversation, make her laugh, have a drink, hang out, go to another place, make out a little bit. You can't just open up and grab her pussy.

You hired a dude as your look-alike on the red carpet. Have you ever considered hiring one to do other things in your life, like a family reunion?
Doing errands, anybody can do that for you. I only did it because I couldn't make it. I was out of town. But I guess on a first date, to get stuff out of the way. It would be nice to get a basic rundown. They talk to the look-alike and he'll report back and let me know, "She's cool, very witty, from Wisconsin but she hates it there. She has big dreams. She's ambitious. You should meet her."

If you wake up tomorrow and life is perfect, what does that look like?
That's a situation where everybody's comfortable and has a place to live. But also, if life is perfect then what do I do for a living? Do people need entertainment in a life that's perfect? Because entertainment ultimately is a distraction and escape from real life. So, would we still watch TV and movies if life is actually perfect? I don't know. But in a perfect world it's 76 degrees all the time, no humidity, farts don't stink, all shit is solid and clean so you don't have to wipe your butt.

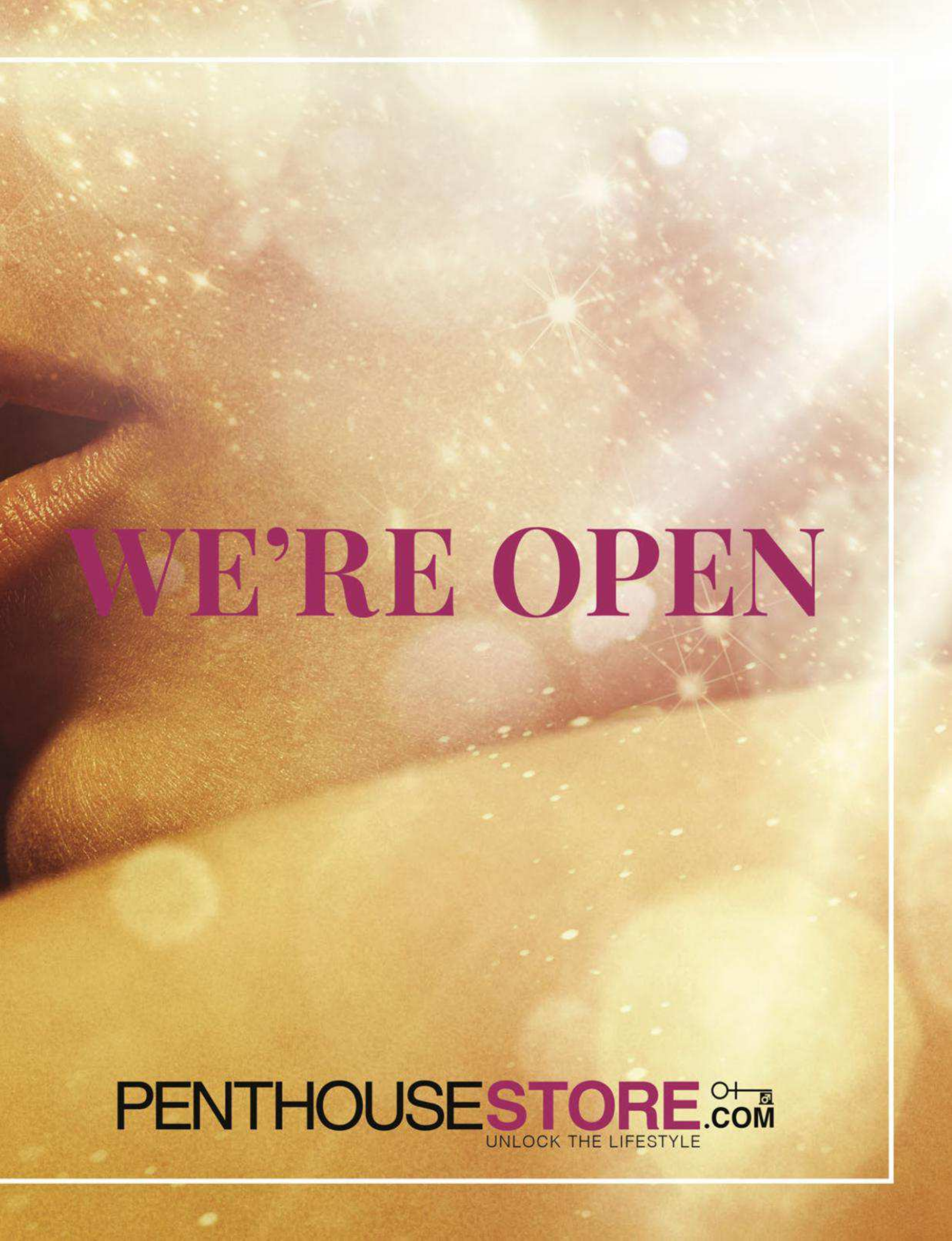
Everybody's got a podcast nowadays it seems. What separates your "Handsome Rambler" podcast from others?
We've got a theremin, an auto-tune machine, and a drum machine. I can't say that there's no podcast that don't have one of those things, but I know that there's none that have combinations of those three things.

How did you get into messing with the theremin? That's not a common instrument.
I was Christmas shopping a couple years ago on Amazon, and I was tweeting at the same time. I was asking people what I should get for my niece and nephew. Someone was like, "Get them a theremin." So, I bought them a theremin and they would use it on Christmas day. Then my DJ called and said, "You should use a theremin for the podcast." So, I hit up my sister and asked if they ever use that theremin and she said no, so I asked her to send it to me. She sent it to me, and we started goofing off with it and making beats with it. It's just fun to have stuff to play with if you don't have a good question to ask, or if there's a lull you can start goofing around and making a song.

Amazon can be a rabbit hole when you start messing around on there. What's the craziest thing, aside from a theremin, that you've come across?
I don't get too crazy on there, really. I had two separate friends who've had children recently so I bought them 10,000 baby wipes. Baby wipes are for everybody. They're for the baby but you could be using them for yourself, too.

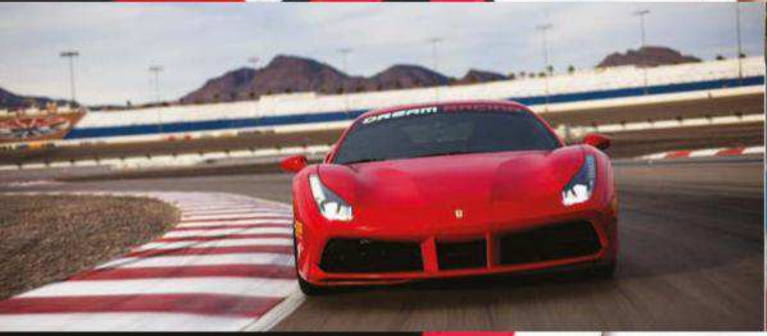
My problem with baby wipes is, I don't understand why they can't all be flushable.
Did you test it or are you just a rule-follower? Have you flushed the ones they said don't flush or do you just take it at face value and say, "All right, I won't flush it." It's more of a test on you.

Have you tried it?
I probably have, man. I just wipe. I'm not rigid like that.


WE'RE OPEN
PENTHOUSESTORE.COM
UNLOCK THE LIFESTYLE

sparco
sparco

Layla Sin and the
Ferrari F430 Scuderia


DREAM RACING

DREAM RACING
DREAM

DREAM RACING

BY RAPHIE ARONOWITZ

I ALREADY had a good buzz going by the time I stepped onto the plane—a painless, 45-minute flight from Los Angeles to Las Vegas that makes even Southwest, the homeless shelter of the sky, somewhat tolerable.

"What the fuck is wrong with you?" asked Layla Sin, my reluctant travel buddy. I should qualify that the only thing she was reluctant about was that she had to travel with me. She was super excited about everything else.

What the fuck is wrong with me? I thought. A question I will probably spend my life trying to answer. But something about the adventure waiting for us in the desert was bugging me the fuck out.

I called Dream Racing on a whim. Run by Ado De Micheli, the juggernaut behind both Ferrari and Maserati's legendary driving programs, Dream Racing has the largest fleet of supercars available for schmucks like me to test-drive. But their true point of pride comes from giving said schmucks a real racing experience, with real speed, on a real track, driving real expensive cars.

So, Layla, there is a lot the fuck wrong with me right now.

I'm not risk-averse—skydiving, bungee jumping, marriage—but it's always been under the auspices of experts. Fate (and the threat of dismemberment) smartly taken from my incapable hands. The reality, however, was that I wasn't worried about my safety so much as I was nervous about completely sucking. I didn't want to look like a bitch behind the wheel.

THERE I WAS, STARING DOWN ABOUT $15 MILLION IN LAND VEHICLES, WHITE-KNUCKLING MY SKIMPY MASCULINITY, SCANNING THE TRACK FOR A RESTROOM TO SURRENDER MY NAGGING FEAR-PEE.

Layla was gung-ho. "This is my thing, Raphie. I love cars. I love going fast," she said, clearly judging me as the pecker-snot that I am. "I can't wait for tomorrow!" I, on the other hand, could wait…and drowned my anxiety in watered-down vodka-drank and $20-a-hand blackjack with the Orange County version of the *Beverly Hillbillies* sitting at my table. Not the most intelligent plan, considering the fog I was in when I woke up.

A quick ride from the Strip to the Las Vegas Motor Speedway, and there I was, staring down about $15 million in land vehicles, white-knuckling my skimpy masculinity, and scanning the track for a restroom to surrender my nagging fear-pee.

Then, the world changed.

Reggie, my driving instructor, introduced himself and asked if I was ready to race. I wasn't. We picked out my car, the all-wheel drive Lamborghini Huracán, a V10 monster baptized as the teacher favorite because of its wide wheelbase, buttery cornering, and formidable acceleration. Layla picked the Ferrari F430 Scuderia because it's fast as fuck, ridiculously expensive, and almost as sexy as she is.

Instead of walking to the garage, we headed to the training area, a huge room with over a dozen arcade-style driving simulators. "The screen is an exact replica of the track you're about to drive—a precise laser scan," Reggie said. "The cockpit is an exact match of your car. Everything is the same. Each turn, the way the car handles, everything." Brilliant!

I sat in the simulator and got used to the controls. Reggie coached me every step of the way. A few virtual laps later, and I was comfortable with the track, charging each turn and following Reggie's real-time instructions to help me get the most out of the car. Fifteen minutes later I was ready. Real fucking ready.

We hit the track. I jumped into the driver's seat and Reggie rode shotgun. Layla and her instructor pulled out first. I followed about 20 seconds later. With a better understanding of how the Huracán handles, I was on Layla's ass in no time. Granted, I oversteered on turn number three and had to recover from a decent fishtail, but I was doing the damn thing…and closing in on Layla was exhilarating.

The experience was like nothing else. Quick downshifting, hard braking, and peaking at 134 mph on the straightaway, the world melted away. It was just me, the car, and the track. And Reggie. He was right there with me, telling me what to do and when I needed to do it. Five laps around the 1.2-mile track flew by in an instant, but I felt myself improve with every turn. Such a rush…such a thrill…and so much more to learn to master the sport.

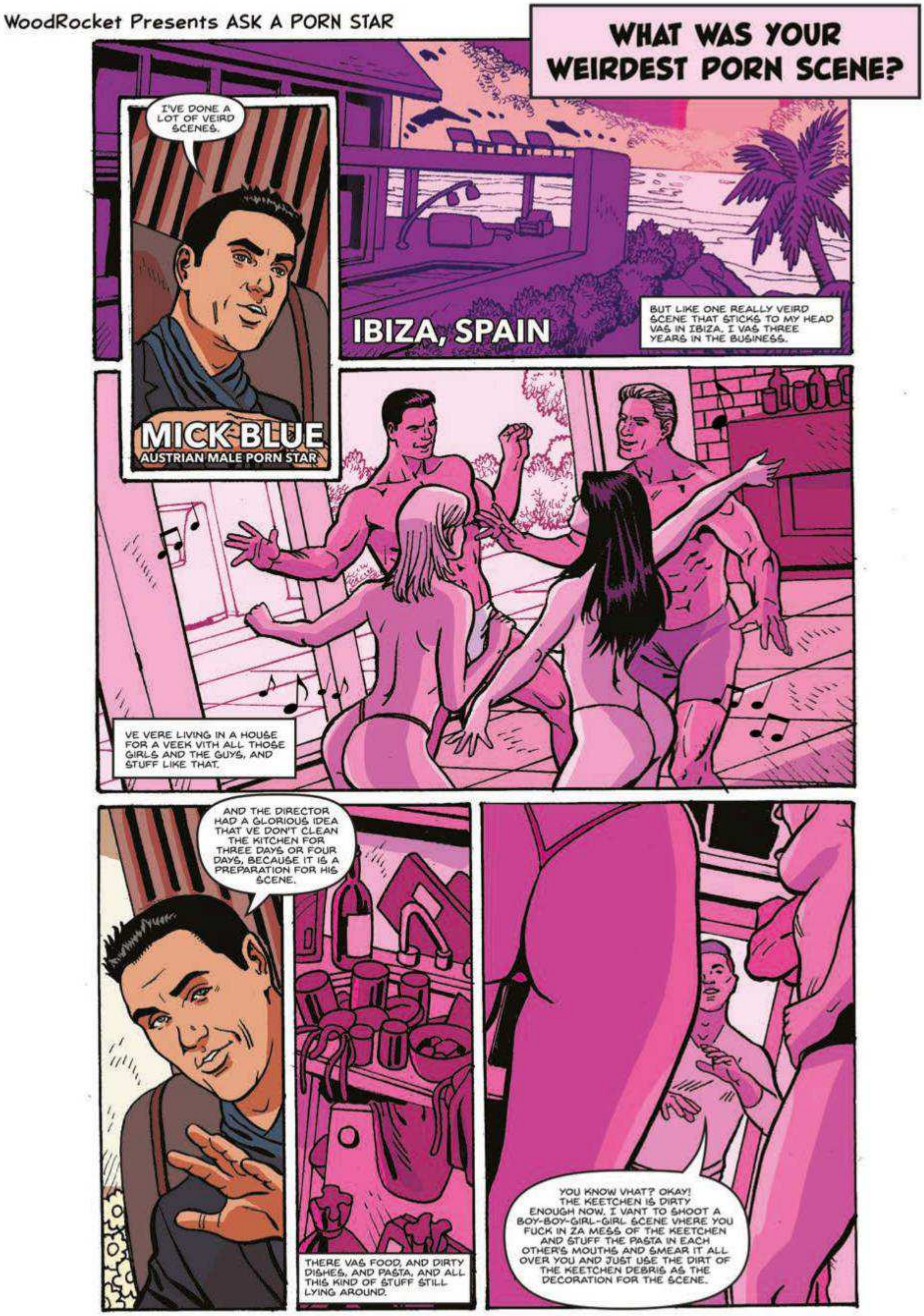
Back in the pit, I asked Layla, "Sex with the man of your dreams or another five laps on the track?"

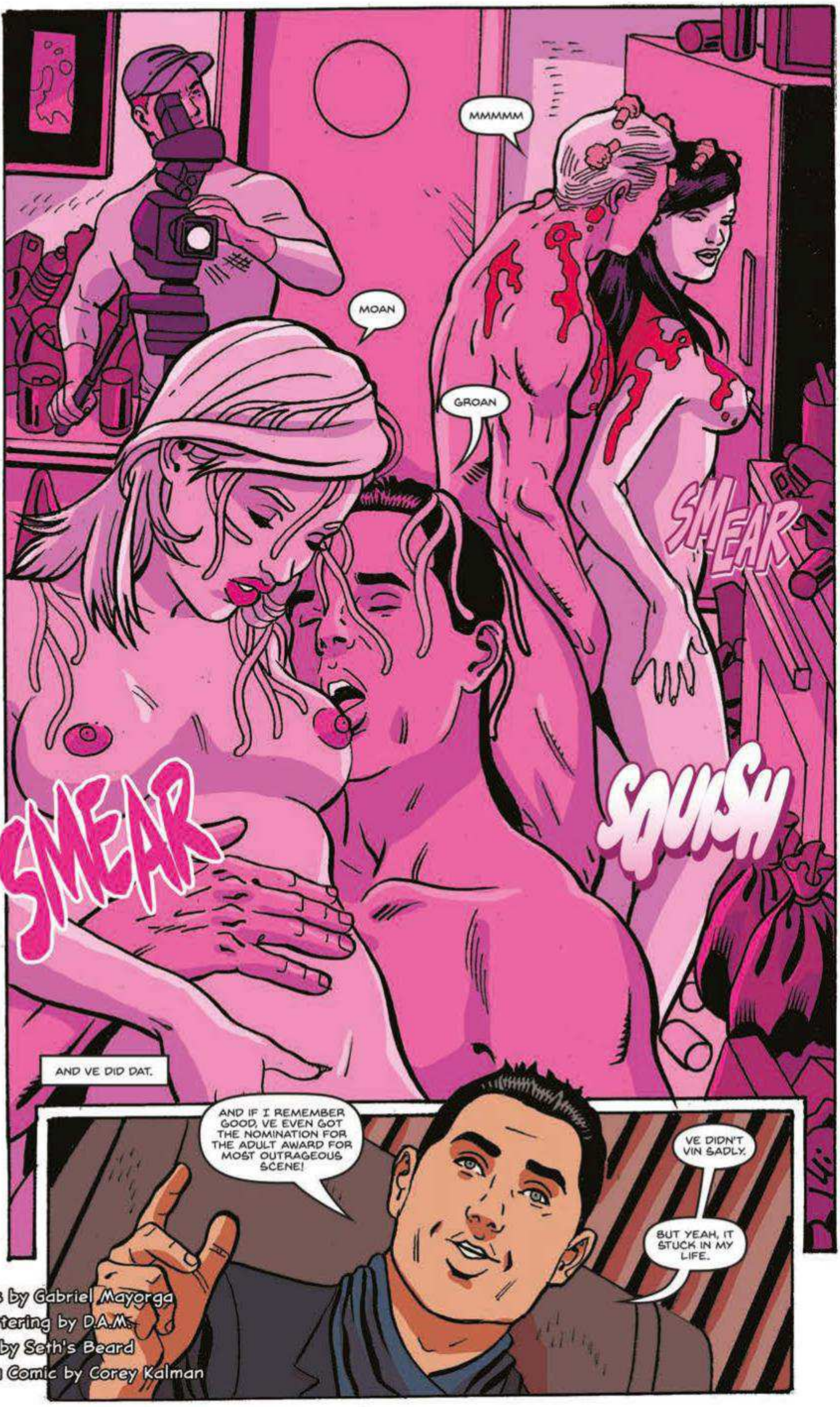
"Wow, Raphie," she said. "That's a tough one…."

I know exactly how she feels.

Dream Racing packages start at $279
dreamracing.com

PHOTO: GERARLD DE BEHR, PROMOTIONAL PHOTOS COURTESY OF DREAM RACING


WoodRocket Presents ASK A PORN STAR
WHAT WAS YOUR WEIRDEST PORN SCENE?
I'VE DONE A LOT OF VEIRD SCENES.
MICK BLUE
AUSTRIAN MALE PORN STAR
IBIZA, SPAIN
BUT LIKE ONE REALLY VEIRD SCENE THAT STICKS TO MY HEAD VAS IN IBIZA. I VAS THREE YEARS IN THE BUSINESS.
VE VERE LIVING IN A HOUSE FOR A VEEK VITH ALL THOSE GIRLS AND THE GUYS, AND STUFF LIKE THAT.
AND THE DIRECTOR HAD A GLORIOUS IDEA THAT VE DON'T CLEAN THE KITCHEN FOR THREE DAYS OR FOUR DAYS, BECAUSE IT IS A PREPARATION FOR HIS SCENE.
THERE VAS FOOD, AND DIRTY DISHES, AND PASTA, AND ALL THIS KIND OF STUFF STILL LYING AROUND.
YOU KNOW VHAT? OKAY! THE KEETCHEN IS DIRTY ENOUGH NOW. I VANT TO SHOOT A BOY-BOY-GIRL-GIRL SCENE VHERE YOU FUCK IN ZA MESS OF THE KEETCHEN AND STUFF THE PASTA IN EACH OTHER'S MOUTHS AND SMEAR IT ALL OVER YOU AND JUST USE THE DIRT OF THE KEETCHEN DEBRIS AS THE DECORATION FOR THE SCENE.


MMMMM
MOAN
GROAN
SMEAR
SMEAR
SQUISH
AND VE DID DAT.
AND IF I REMEMBER GOOD, VE EVEN GOT THE NOMINATION FOR THE ADULT AWARD FOR MOST OUTRAGEOUS SCENE!
VE DIDN'T VIN SADLY.
BUT YEAH, IT STUCK IN MY LIFE.

Pencil & Inks by Gabriel Mayorga
Colors & Lettering by D.A.M.
Transcribed by Seth's Beard
Written as a Comic by Corey Kalman

ALABASTER ASS

MY first job after college was as a proofreader at a large corporate law firm in Philadelphia. I worked the evening shift, which was considerably laid-back compared to the 9-5 shift. One of the secretaries at the firm was a forty-something aspiring opera singer named Rosalind. Though I was in my late twenties, there was something about her I couldn't shake off.

Rosalind was from Virginia and spoke with a honeyed Southern accent. She was a curvy, fleshy blonde who always wore long, tight skirts with low-cut blouses in loud patterns. She strutted the halls of the office swaying her big round ass at the lawyers and drumming her manicured nails on every tabletop. When work was slow, she would practice her operatic breathing exercises. She would sit up straight, purse her lips, and slowly exhale, her big tits rising and falling as they ballooned out of her top.

Being bored and cooped up in an office has always made me horny, so I would have to hide my hard-on whenever Rosalind leaned over my desk to give me an eyeful of cleavage. She was friendly and flirtatious with everyone. The guys in the mailroom could spend hours discussing her ass. We all ogled her, but I never thought she was more interested in me than in anyone else.

Rosalind and I were assigned to work for the same partner and spent long hours working side by side. Said partner would usually stick with us till around midnight, but if he had suffered a particularly long day in court, he would leave us a pile of documents and go home. On one of these nights, it was just Rosalind and me working together when she called to me from the partner's empty office.

"Would you mind coming in here a second?" I heard her say, and I figured I had made a mistake. When I went inside, she was standing by the desk with a nervous smile, her rosy cheeks glowing.

"I can't concentrate," she said, running her hands through her hair. "How would you feel if I told you that I've been dying to make love to you?"

Dumbfounded, I glanced around the room just to make sure this wasn't a prank, and that Rosalind's husband wasn't waiting behind the door with a baseball bat.

"I'm serious," she said. "Close the door and come here."

As soon as the door clicked shut, Rosalind came straight for me, grabbing the back of my head and inviting herself into my mouth. I kissed my way down her long, white neck to her soft tits. I took each one out and dropped them into my mouth as I tongued and nibbled on her beautiful nipples. Then she shoved me back against the door and dropped to her knees. She had my pants down within seconds, whipping off my belt and vacuuming my dick into her mouth.

HER OPERATIC MOANS GREW LOUDER AS SHE BOUNCED HER ASS OFF MY STOMACH, HER PUSSY TIGHT AND FULL AROUND MY DICK.

Maybe all those opera exercises hadn't been just about singing, because holy shit. Rosalind had this amazing technique where she was able to deep-throat me and, at the same time, open her jaw so wide it was like her whole face was fucking me. It was the greatest thing I've ever felt.

Rosalind grabbed my ass and pushed my cock further into her warm mouth as she swirled and sucked like a pro. Sensing I might come, she shot up, turned around, and started rubbing that big round ass I'd been staring at for months against my rock-hard, sopping-wet dick.

"Will you fuck me please?" she begged, pushing her hips toward me. "Please, please fuck me." The insatiable begging was too much.

Not missing a beat, I bent her over right there on the partner's desk, lifted her frilly red dress, slid aside her white cotton panties, and pushed my cock inside her. She moaned and howled like she hadn't been fucked in years. I'll never forget looking down at that sweet alabaster ass with my dick going in and out, her cheeks like a full moon and behind them the Philly skyline. I fucked her hard and fast, then soft and slow, pulling her hair and squeezing her soft round breasts. Her operatic moans grew louder as she bounced her ass off my stomach, her pussy tight and full around my dick. I held onto her hips as she fucked me back with the force of a roller coaster.

"Come on my ass!" she screamed. "Come all over my ass!"

I yanked myself out of her cunt and vigorously jerked my cock until I blew my load exactly where she demanded. Rosalind cooed as she reached back and rubbed my come all over her. I watched in disbelief while she performed this perverted pantomime.

Then suddenly, Rosalind pulled up her panties, straightened out her red dress, and turned around to face me. We stood there, kind of amazed.

"Don't worry," I said, breaking the silence. "I won't tell anyone."

"Good."

Rosalind and I never got another chance to fuck again at the office. It was a fluke I'm still trying to wrap my head around. But for the rest of the time we worked together, we always gave one another knowing grins when we passed in the hallway.

—Nick S., Conshohocken, Pennsylvania

DIRTY LAUNDRY

I live in a rent-controlled studio apartment that is criminally cheap. I don't care that the building's washing machines have been broken for over two years. I would rather drag eighty pounds

IT WAS LIKE SHE WAS BATTLING MY DICK, AND HER PUSSY WAS WINNING.

of dirty clothes to the laundromat once a month than get robbed blind by a landlord.

The 24-hour laundromat by my place is empty and quiet in the middle of the night, so I usually have the place to myself. One evening, I was half-asleep on a chair, earbuds in and Slayer on shuffle, when I was startled awake by the clanking of metal. I turned around and noticed that I wasn't alone.

Across the laundromat was a dark-haired woman, around my age, furiously pounding the vending machine. She caught my eye, smiled a giddy smile, and strutted toward me. I was suddenly way too aware of the fact that my mouth tasted like shit-flavored chalk. I rummaged my pockets for a piece of gum and quickly popped it into my mouth.

"Sorry to bother you," she said. "But can you help me for a second? My card isn't working. The machine keeps rejecting it."

I followed her flawless ass across the room as it hip-checked the air with each step. She was unseasonably tanned with shiny hair that fell down her back. She looked like she belonged in a shampoo commercial.

After I quickly fixed the problem—the laundromat goddess had put her card in upside down—she nervously laughed.

"Wow, I'm such a moron," she blushed. "Thank you." Then, she excused herself to buy some detergent from the crypt keeper behind the counter.

I plopped back down in my chair, unlocked my phone, and decided to waste some time on Tinder. After swiping right to a series of sixes posed in duck-lipped selfies, I stopped dead in my shuffle. It was Beautiful Idiot, in her bikini, posing with a Budweiser. No way. "Kara, age 26." I looked across the laundromat to confirm that the girl now buried in her iPhone was in fact Kara in my Tinder app. Confirmed.

I swiped right, put my phone down, and waited. Maybe she was on Tinder right now, too? It was a shot in the dark, but I was already winning at coincidence.

A few seconds later, my phone lit up. I had a match. It was Kara. I looked over and caught her sheepishly smiling at me from behind her hair. I felt like I was in a movie. There was no way I was going to let this opportunity slip through my fingers. As I sat there contemplating a plan of action, my phone buzzed.

Bathroom? It was a direct message from Kara.

No. Fucking. Way.

I watched her get up, wink at me, and walk to the back of the laundromat. I waited a second, made sure the crypt keeper behind the desk was still, in fact, half-dead, and raced for the toilets.

The laundromat bathroom was a scuzzy dump the size of a handicapped stall. When I opened the door, Kara was sitting on top of a broken dryer that had been stored in the corner.

Her dress was pulled up to her waist and her legs were dangling off the edge, her pink underwear around one ankle like a piece of jewelry. She stuck her hand in her mouth, spat all over her fingers, and reached down to her clit. She didn't even blink as she touched herself and hummed at me.

I watched her in awe. I'm sure my pupils dilated with every swirl of her fingers. After picking up the pieces of my broken brain, I moved toward her. Before I knew it, our tongues were entangled as I pressed up against the dryer, squeezing her shoulders toward me.

I dropped my pants and she reached for my dick, twisting her wrist as she glided her soft fingers up and down my shaft. She locked her fingers around the back of my neck and hoisted herself forward, so I could drive my cock into her hungry pussy. I thrust into her, steering her hips as my ball sac slapped the cold steel of the dryer.

I could feel her breath on my ear as we pumped in rhythm, my cock so deep inside her it felt like I was going to rocket through her back. She pulled in closer, fucking me even harder, and clasped her ankles around my back.

It was like she was battling my dick, and her pussy was winning. I fucked back, pushing hard and deep as she concealed her squealing through tight lips. I could barely take it anymore. I tried to pull out, and she clamped me like a bear trap.

"Come inside me," she whimpered. "Fucking do it."

I shot my load like a fleet of darts, while she slammed her pelvis into my abdomen. We collapsed onto one another, unable to speak or move.

When she pulled herself away from me, I could see her pussy juice shining on my stomach. How did the most intense quickie of my life happen in the laundromat with a complete stranger? Her pussy had rendered me nonverbal.

"Can I get your number?" I said when I finally remembered how to speak.

"What do you think?" she replied.

—Chris M., Brooklyn, New York

MAMA'S BOY

WHEN my husband Daniel and I bought an apartment in the city and chose not to have children, I thought I'd be spared the trappings of that dreaded white picket fence.

Then last winter, Daniel's mother slipped on some ice in her driveway and was bedridden. Being the good son that he is, he insisted we move closer to her. It took some convincing, but eventually I signed onto the idea and we moved to a house in the suburbs directly across the street from her.

It didn't take long before I started missing the apartment. My hostility toward Daniel festered. And watching him dote on his mother—even after she quickly recovered and gained full mobility—was enraging. She bossed him around like a slave. While cleaning up the remains of one Sunday

dinner, my mother-in-law made a suggestion.

"Danny, I'd like you to start escorting me to church," she said. "It would be good for you to go to a service." She turned her head to glare in my direction. "Both of you."

"We're atheists, Gloria," I snapped. "'Danny' doesn't even believe in God."

His mother was on the verge of tears. Daniel reached for her hand and assured her it wasn't true. I stomped out the front door and crossed the street in a huff. When had my husband become such a spineless mama's boy?

Back home, I poured a glass of wine to calm my nerves and angrily chugged it down. Suddenly, I heard our screen door swing open. Slam. Daniel thundered in and took a seat at the kitchen table. After a long pause, he cleared his throat.

"That can never happen again," he said. "You've been out of control since we moved here and I've had it."

There was a long pause between us. My anger seethed in the silence. I was so furious I couldn't speak.

Then, Daniel stood up and glared down at me. "Now, take your pants off."

I barely suppressed my laughter, but I complied, mostly out of curiosity. I stood beside him, naked from the waist down, a sarcastic what-now look glued to my face. Saying nothing, he yanked me across his lap.

"You will apologize to my mother," Daniel said evenly. I laughed as his hand struck down. "Oh, is this funny?" he asked, spanking my bare ass even harder. We'd dabbled in BDSM before we were married, but he'd always been reluctant to overpower me, despite my begging him to do so. Where had this guy been hiding?

The spanking became more forceful with every strike. My backside was tight, red, and exposed. Just when the pain was starting to become erotic, he pushed me off him and onto the floor. He positioned me on my knees as he reached into his pants.

"Suck," he commanded.

I took him as far into my mouth as I could. I furiously bobbed up and down while my eyes bulged with tears. I came up for air, working him with my hand while running my tongue alongside.

"Look me in the eye while you suck my dick," he demanded as he gripped the back of my head.

HIS FINGERS DROVE INTO MY ASSHOLE. I REACHED TO TOUCH MYSELF, BUT HE RESTRAINED MY WRIST.

I locked eyes with the man I'd mistaken for a weakling five minutes earlier. "From now on, when you disrespect my mother, I will punish you. Do you understand?"

I nodded, choking as saliva dribbled down my chin. He grabbed my ponytail and lurched my head back. I gasped. Daniel climbed to his feet and threw me over the kitchen table, shoving his salty fingers into my mouth. I sucked violently.

"Until your shitty attitude improves, I will ignore your pussy."

His fingers drove into my asshole. I reached to touch myself, but he restrained my wrist.

"Absolutely not," he snapped.

He pulled out his fingers and rammed his cock inside me. Daniel had never wanted to fuck my ass. Now, he was thrusting me so deep I felt like I was being split in two. I was panting, desperate for him to touch my clit.

"How will you apologize to my mother?" he spat in my ear.

"I'll invite her for coffee tomorrow." I could barely breathe. I was on fire.

"Not only will you invite her for coffee, but you will escort her to church from now on with a fucking smile." He wrapped his hand around my throat. My body shivered.

Daniel pulled out and forced me to my knees again. "Things are going to change around here," he said, stroking his filthy cock against my cheek. "Tell me you understand."

With that, my husband shot a thick, creamy load all over my face. Then he took his cock and painted the mess all over my mouth. He smiled down at me as I greedily licked the come off my lips.

Maybe life in the suburbs won't be so bad after all.

—Meredith N., Minneapolis, Minnesota

FORUM letters should carry name and address, though these and other identifying characteristics will be changed for publication purposes. All letters become the property of *Penthouse*.

Send letters to letters@penthouse.com or mail to *Penthouse* magazine, 8944 Mason Avenue, Chatsworth, CA 91311.

Over 600,000 Customers Served Since 1998

- FDA-approved medications from USA Pharmacies
- Licensed USA Telemedicine Physician Network
- Call 7 days per week

Cialis
(tadalafil) tablets
30 Tablets
Viagra™
(sildenafil citrate) tablets
100 mg*
Produced by
Pfizer
Pfizer Labs
LEVITRA
BAYER

HABLAMOS ESPAÑOL

VIAMEDIC®

CALL TOLL FREE

800-547-9737

Visit Viamedic.com/PH for special offers

Trademarks are the properties of their respective companies.
These statements have not been evaluated by the FDA. This product is not intended to diagnose, treat, cure or prevent any disease.

PENTHOUSESTORE.COM
UNLOCK THE LIFESTYLE
SHOP NOW...PLAY LATER
Sex. Style. Scandal. Trust Us, We Know What You Want!

THE WAR ON WRONG

EVIDENCE OF REALITY DOESN’T ALWAYS HAVE BEARING ON WHAT PEOPLE BELIEVE.

BY DAVE CARNIE

I WAS in Las Vegas recently with my wife, Tania, and another couple. We were all staying at the Mandalay Bay and we had rented a poolside cabana. At some point shortly after lunch we grabbed our complimentary inner tubes and headed to the lazy river. I was the last to approach the water, but on my way I was stopped by a man with a goatee.

“Can I have that back?” the Goatee asked me. He was pale and white and looked like every other pale white person at the pool, except for the stupid goatee.

“Can you have what back?” I responded, confused.

“The inner tube,” he said. “That’s my inner tube.”

I explained that it wasn’t his inner tube, but my inner tube, and continued on my way into the pool. I thought that would be the end of it.

“YOUR HONOR, WE FIND THE ACCUSED GUILTY ON ALL COUNTS OF INNER TUBE THEFT!”

“Nuh-uh,” the Goatee said. “That’s mine. I set it down right here on the pool deck, and I saw you pick it up.”

That’s when it started to get weird. He said he saw me pick up his inner tube, but I did not pick up his inner tube. “I’m sorry,” I said again, “but I’ve had my arm around this inner tube since I left our cabana two seconds ago.”

The Goatee shook his head, again insisting that I stole his inner tube. I could have easily squashed the whole argument by just giving him my inner tube and walking back to our cabana and getting another one, but the Goatee had ruffled my feathers. He was being obstinate about a fucking inner tube, and, more grievously, he was calling me a thief. On top of all that, he was completely wrong. I’m already on edge with this “alternative facts” bullshit and how half the country is in complete denial in regards to reality and science, so this inner tube nonsense got me heated. I wasn’t about to reward someone for being stupid.

The Goatee and I went back and forth like the seagulls at Disneyland—“MINE!” “MINE!” “MINE!”—before the Goatee finally grew tired and mumbled something about me being a thief, threw in a “whatever,” and wished me a good day (translation: “you dick”). So I hopped in the water, joined my friends, and floated around the lazy river in my inner tube.

That was not the end of it, though, because the experience had left me all shook up. I was filled with rage. There is nothing that makes me more mad than being falsely accused of anything. I can’t stand injustice or hypocrisy in any form, but when it involves me personally, I get furious. “Red! I’m seeing red!” as the Minor Threat song goes.

So when the Mandalay’s lazy river returned us to the area where the argument occurred and I heard the Goatee’s friend say, “Is this the guy?”, I drifted to the poolside coping and had some words with this friend.

“Look,” I said, “this is my inner tube. I have no idea what happened to your inner tube.”

“Nope,” his buddy said with complete confidence. “You stole it, pal. I saw you.”

Pal? No surer sign of a douchepickle.

That’s when I realized that both of them bore a slight resemblance to every eighties teen-movie villain, but especially the guy who called me “pal.” The Goatee was kind of smarmy and a little pudgy with his stupid hair pipe, but it wasn’t hard to imagine his douchey friend playing the role of Johnny Lawrence in *The Karate Kid*. (“Sweep the leg.”)

“Oh my God, you guys are fucking idiots,” I said, shaking my head in disbelief. This was insane—I was astounded by how dumb they were. “Have you considered, even for a moment, that you guys might be wrong? That you might be accusing an innocent person of stealing your stupid inner tube?”

“It’s a fucking inner tube,” Tania interjected. “Do you want us to rent you a new one? Because we can buy you all the pool toys you want.”

Douchepickle ignored Tania, got down on his knee, and said menacingly, “Nope, because I saw you take it, buddy. Everyone here saw you take it.”

He motioned to a large group of people behind him in deck chairs. I'm not sure how many there were, but I like to imagine there were 12 of them: a jury. They all nodded in agreement. "Your Honor, we find the accused guilty on all counts of inner tube theft!"

Beyond my personal feelings regarding this incident, I found the whole phenomena fascinating. The Goatee and his friends and pool neighbors were all 100 percent certain that I had stolen his inner tube when, in fact, I had done no such thing. This event never occurred, yet they considered it fact. Is this what happens, I wondered, when large groups of people all claim to have seen a UFO or the Virgin Mary? I'm not placing myself above this phenomenon because if there's anyone who's easily fooled and has a horrible memory, it's me.

When I got home, I did a little research and discovered that failures of memory are more common than I had previously thought. In fact, I came away from my reading with the view that our memories are more often incorrect than correct. Scientists don't completely understand how memory retrieval works, but they're very familiar with its effects.

It was interesting to read the ways in which the mind mistakenly processes information in light of the inner tube incident. It's easy to understand, for instance, how the Goatee could have been suffering from *confabulation* (a disturbance in recall that produces a distorted memory without the conscious intention to deceive) in regards to what really happened and then made an unconscious *transference* (mistaken identifications are the result of an inability to distinguish between the perpetrator and another person present at the crime scene). He confused me with the culprit because it was a busy Las Vegas pool deck with a lot of *interference* (too much external stimuli may affect what was witnessed during a crime, obstructing memory). Then, when he reconstructed his confabulated story for his friends, he was guilty of *co-witness contamination* (when witnesses confer about an event they often end up agreeing on an incorrect narrative; research has found that 71 percent of eyewitnesses changed their accounts to include false components that their co-witnesses remembered), and thus the Goatee, and all his friends, thought I stole his pool toy.

Our memory sucks and is easily manipulated. Interesting. Yet, this explanation doesn't make me any less angry about the event—in fact, it makes me even more angry because it absolves the Goatee of any wrongdoing even though he done did wrong.

I would be remiss if I didn't mention Black Lives Matter here. I'm not black, so I have no idea what it must be like to have to endure these kinds of false accusations on a daily basis, whether it's due to racism or faulty memory retrieval. All I was accused of was stealing some white dude's fucking inner tube. It's not like I was mistaken for murdering someone—or worse, mistaken for someone who is probably going to murder someone.

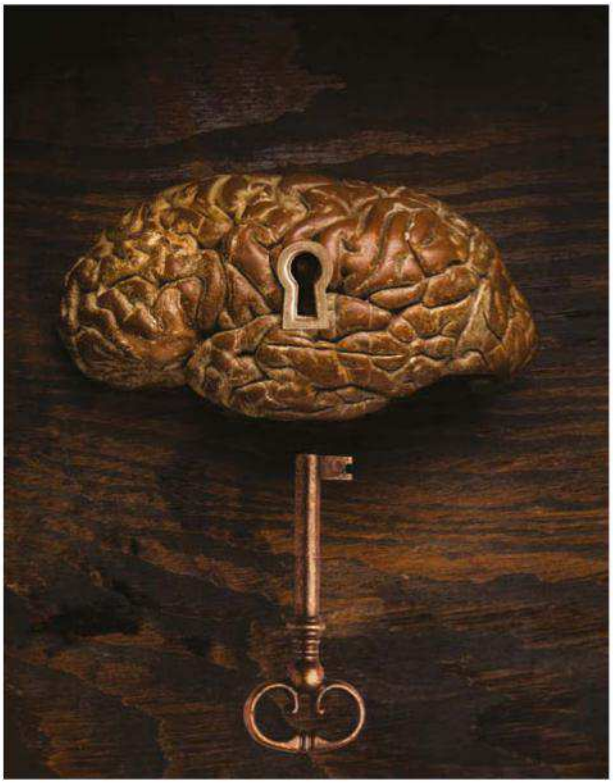


PHOTO: SHUTTERSTOCK.COM / BOUMEN JAPET

In David Sedaris's new book *Theft By Finding,* he tells a story in which he is falsely accused of shoplifting. He laments the fact that he emptied his pockets for "the security goons" to prove his innocence. He, like me, is livid at the injustice of the experience. And also like me, he arrives at the same racial conclusion.

"Of course this is nothing," Sedaris writes. "If I were black, I'd get this several times a day. And I'd be really angry all the time."

In the audiobook version of this, Sedaris reads those last words slowly: "All. The. Time." I can't even imagine going through that inner tube experience every day. I'd completely lose my shit. How can anyone be expected to take that sort of thing sitting down? I haven't been in a fight in years, but I wanted to fight those idiots. However, as we've seen time and time again, if you stand up for your basic human rights, there's a good chance you'll end up in prison, or dead.

Fortunately, the poolside tiff with the Goatee and his "pal" did not end in violence. We all told each other to fuck off a few times before I floated off with the current and we never saw each other again. And I was actively searching for them. I looked for those dipshits every day for the rest of our stay so I could deliver all the post-incident zingers I had concocted. I was ready to say: "You know who else saw what happened to your fucking inner tube? The security cameras."

I wanted to find those crybabies and insist that we all visit hotel security so we could watch the footage from the pool cameras together. I wanted vindication, but mostly I wanted to see the look on their faces when they learned that they were wrong.

"What does it feel like to be so wrong, you fucking idiots?"

That would have been worth the amount of vacation time I wasted stewing on the incident. Sadly, I have a feeling that even if they were presented with a video of what really happened they wouldn't apologize or admit they were wrong. Video evidence of reality doesn't seem to have much bearing on what people want to believe these days.

And that's what's wrong.

Is there any way we can bring an end to "wrong?" I realize that education is out of fashion these days and that being stupid is all the rage (big fan, myself), but I wonder if it wouldn't be possible to reverse this trend by rebranding knowledge as "The War on Wrong." America loves war. Why not cast Wrong as our new enemy? It even has a catchy acronym: W.O.W.

Fight for Right! Join W.O.W. now!

Dave Carnie is a Los Angeles-based writer best known for his collection of works about the semiautobiographical character "Davey," a sultry, sexy redhead who loves horseback riding. "It may be short," Davey says of his penis, "but it's skinny."

LARI JONES

PENTHOUSE PET OF THE MONTH, JULY 1982

THE EROTIC REVIEW

WORLDS BEST REVIEW PLATFORM FOR ADULT ENTERTAINMENT

I laid her on her back and expressed strokes of oral fondness to her sweet shaven flower which she seemed to be enjoyably sensitive to. I softly licked and gently sucked the magic emanating from her smooth flowery pedals and applied both simultaneously to budding style until she wriggled away.

★★★★★

★★★★☆

★★★★☆

After sipping some champaign, she retreated to the bathroom to change into an exceptionally hot lingerie outfit. Holy mackerel, this young thing oozed sexuality.

Visit www.theeroticreview.com

HUF
HUP
PER
2
TYLER BLEDSOE
HUF